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THE INN OF TERRACINA.

A Comic Opera, in Three Acts.

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FRA DIAVOLO;

OR,

THE INN OF TERRACINA.

A Comic Opera, in Three Acts,

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THE LIBRETTO BY ROPHINO LACY.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC AND APPROVED ACTING COPY, AS NOW
PERFORMED IN THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEDGER JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
1867.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRA DIAVOLO, a celebrated Brigand, disguised as the Marquis of San Carlo.

LORD ALLCASH, an English Nobleman, on his travels.

LORENZO, a young Trooper, in love with Zerlina.

MATTEO, an Innkeeper.

BEPPPO,

GIACOMO, } Brigands, followers of Fra Diavolo.

FRANCESCO,

FARINA, } Peasants.

LADY ALLCASH, an English Tourist.

ZERLINA, the Daughter of Matteo.

PLOT OF THE OPERA.

THE story on which this Opera is founded is so simple, that it may be told in a few words. A notorious bandit and robber who, from his daring exploits and seemingly miraculous escapes, has acquired the title of FRA DIAVOLO (the Devil's Brother), is the hero; and although not what is styled in good society an estimable person, possesses some qualifications which are apt to win admiration, if not respect, from the million. He is courageous, frank, and exceedingly gallant, and, it is said, freely gave to the poor part of the booty he stole from the rich. In an excursion among the mountains, FRA DIAVOLO falls in with an English nobleman and his fashionable wife, Lord and Lady ALLCASH, who are making the grand tour. He encounters them at the Inn of Terracina, kept by one MATTEO, whose daughter ZERLINA, a very pretty girl, loves and is beloved by LORENZO, a young soldier, who, at the commencement of the Opera, is about to start with his comrades in search of FRA DIAVOLO. The Lady and her Lord enter in great trepidation, having narrowly escaped robbery by the band of which FRA DIAVOLO is chief. They innocently explain to him (mistaking him in his disguise for the Marquis SAN CARLO) the trick by which they saved their most valuable property from the brigands. FRA DIAVOLO is enraged, and resolves to possess the diamonds and cash so carelessly missed by his men. He makes love to Lady ALLCASH, eludes the Carbiniers, and lays his plan to relieve the rich travelers of all further care of their valuables.

The Second Act introduces us to the neat and simple bed-chamber of ZERLINA, who, after a very pretty song and an earnest prayer, retires to rest, to dream of her wedding with LORENZO, which happy event is appointed for the morrow. FRA DIAVOLO, with two of his gang, gain access to this room, which adjoins that of Lord and Lady ALLCASH, and prepare to seize their destined plunder. ZERLINA moves in her sleep, and one of the brigands raises his knife to stab her. At this moment, in her dream she murmurs gently a hymn to the Virgin—the ruffian is awe-stricken, and leaves her to sleep in peace. FRA DIAVOLO enters the chamber of my Lord and Lady, and is sure of success, when every one in the house is awakened by the shouting and noise made by the troopers, who, returning from their unsuccessful chase after FRA DIAVOLO, demand admittance. ZERLINA awakes and dresses herself. The robbers and their chief conceal themselves in a closet, and Lord and Lady ALLCASH, in *dishabille*, come from their chamber and demand an explanation of this uproar. LORENZO explains, when a noise is heard in the closet where the robbers are concealed. LORENZO approaches to ascertain the cause, when FRA DIAVOLO, finding himself at the point of detection, steps forth, and, in explanation of his appearance in such a position, asserts that he had an appointment with ZERLINA! This announcement, false as it is, falls like a thunderbolt on all. ZERLINA is distracted; LORENZO enraged to madness, and, in the midst of the confusion, FRA DIAVOLO, after promising to give LORENZO "satisfaction" in the morning, coolly effects his retreat. His companions, however, are not so fortunate, and one of them is induced, by threats and menaces, to betray his chief.

In the Third Act, FRA DIAVOLO is again among the hills, a brigand chief, undisguised. He rejoices in his liberty, and anticipates much fun as well as profit from a meeting he has arranged between Lord and Lady ALLCASH and his own band. In the midst of his happiness, however, he finds himself betrayed, ensnared, and in the hands of his enemies. He falls from the bullet fired by a Carbinier, but not before ZERLINA's fame has been wholly cleared, and she is still to be married to LORENZO, Lord and Lady ALLCASH giving a liberal wedding-present to the happy bride.

782.12
Aug.
1867

FRA DIAVOLO;

OR,

THE INN OF TERRACINA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The entrance-porch of an Italian Inn. The rear sustained by several pillars entwined with verdure, opens on a gay romantic Landscape. On the R. and L. side doors leading into the interior. Towards the front, L. a table, round which are discovered drinking several Carbiniers in the Italian light-horse uniform. LORENZO stands apart without partaking in their mirth.

INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

Drink! for, joy bestowing,
Around the wine is flowing!
Wine's the soldier's shield
In the tented field;
From all fear it guards him,
And with fame rewards him!
Glory's path while bravely pursuing,
Love and wine his toils repay;
Danger's approach, he smiles as he's viewing,
Love and wine can all his pains allay!
What, ho!—more wine!—we must be gay,
Drink! &c., &c.

First Carbinier. One health more, comrades.—Here's—"To our speedy capture of Fra Diavolo!"

All. Huzza!

[*They drink.*]

Second Carbinier. He's mostly aptly christened after his patron saint!—It's a sure thing his dingy majesty of the lower regions never had a more hopeful recruit.

Third Carbinier. He's the very king of banditti.

First Carbinier. If we are lucky enough to lay hold on him, Signor Lorenzo, it seems that our reward is to be—

General Speech 5 Sept 58 Freedom-1867 14 Jan. 59. Clark

Lorenzo. Six thousand ducats.

All. Six thousand!—

Lorenzo. Nothing less.

All. Huzza!

First Carbinier. He's the best prize in all Italy! (*Rising.*) March us on, captain, in pursuit of the valuable villain. But stay—suppose, comrades, we empty another jug to our success?

All. Right,—another jug; another jug!—Ho! Landlord! Matteo! House!—
[*Calling noisily, and knocking on the table.*]

Enter MATTEO with more wine from the house. ZERLINA steals in after him, and unperceived, hides behind one of the pillars.

Matteo. Here, gentlemen! here. I anticipate your wishes. Do you find money, I'll find you drink. (*Looking into the empty jugs on the table.*) Bravo!—By Bacchus, there's no thirst like a soldier's. But, Master Lorenzo, since you stand treat, why don't you take a glass along with them?

Lorenzo. Not I. Drink on, comrades;—never heed me.

First Carbinier, (in a half voice to his companions.) Our captain is plaguy melancholy!—What is it ails him?

Matteo, (aside.) I know well enough what ails him, poor fellow! But I can't help it—I must do my duty. (*To the soldiers.*) Gentlemen, since you are naturally fond of merry doings—good eating and immoderate—I mean moderate drinking, I think you will have no objection to my present invitation. To-morrow, I marry my daughter Zerlina to Francesco Verona, the rich young farmer of the next village. You must be present at the wedding. I invite you all.

Lorenzo, (aside with strong emotion.) I'll sooner die than behold the cursed moment.

Carbiniers. Wine! more wine!

Matteo. What! already!—Bless their swallow! There'll not be a drop left for the wedding!—Well, well—I'll go fetch one jug more, and rare wine you'll find it, I warrant; for I may boldly say, there's nobody in these parts sells such stuff as I do.

[*Exit, carrying with him the empty vessels.*]

Zerlina, (coming down R. of LORENZO.) Lorenzo, are you going to leave us?

Lorenzo. Yes, Zerlina.—I must to the mountains, and destroy the horde of bandits that infest them. May I never return, but having discharged a soldier's duty, find a soldier's grave!

Zerlina. Lorenzo!

Lorenzo. You are going to become the wife of another;—'tis your father's command. I am too poor to obtain you—what have I to wish for but death?

Zerlina. I am not yet another's, Lorenzo, and if fortune—

Lorenzo. No more. Delude me not with a hope which it would be folly to indulge.

SONG.

LORENZO.

Vainly, alas! thoud'st soothe the pang I feel;—
 Fond love betray'd what hope can ne'er restore!
 Death, death, alone, my grief may heal;—
 Farewell!—perhaps for evermore!

Wealth I have none, thy father's only care,
 Therefore I lose all on earth I adore,
 My only wealth is the love to thee I bear;—
 Farewell!—perhaps for evermore!

Tho' thou forsak'st me, I still will faithful prove,
 Still on thy head every bliss I'll implore:
 Hence duty calls me. My first, my only love—
 Farewell!—perhaps for evermore!

[*He retires to the soldiers.*]

First Carbinier. Honored Captain, take but one cup with us; it will be an omen of our success.

Lorenzo, (snatching up a cup.) Come! Victory or Death!

All, (starting up.) Victory or Death!

Matteo, (putting out his head.) Bravo, gentlemen.—I beg to be allowed to drink the toast also.—Victory to you. Death to Fra Diavolo!

[*He drinks.*]

[*A loud noise is suddenly heard without. All hasten to the top of the stage, and look out; two or three of the Carbiniers go out and line the passage. The noise comes nearer, and LORD and LADY ALLCASH, in the greatest agitation and alarm, are seen hastily entering down the declivity. The servants of the Inn come out also.*]

CONCERTED PIECE.

Lord and Lady A. Give us help!—they're at hand!
 We've escaped the whole band!

Lorenzo, Zerlina, Matteo, Carbiniers.

Why this noise?—What danger is near?

Lord A. Signor Brigadier?—

Lorenzo. What means your flight?
 What alarms you thus? let me hear.

Lord A. I'm almost chok'd with rage!

Lady A. And I am dead with fright!

[*LADY ALLCASH has been conducted to a seat. ZERLINA hastens to her; MATTEO offers her a smelling bottle, &c., &c. ZERLINA brings her a glass of water on a plate, from table.*]

LORD A. (going to LADY A. with ludicrous tenderness.)

Dearest angel!—Arabella!—Upon your love recline!

[*Turning to LORENZO.*]

She's my wife, sir,—and her nerves are delicately fine!

Lady A. (rising up with languor and difficulty.)

Oh! what a frightful land for strangers!
 At every step assail'd by dangers.

A daring robber's band,
 Plundering on every hand,
 Now terror spreads o'er all the land!—
 To Italy, France, or Spain,
 I will never come again!
 Of my richly furnish'd cases,
 Of my diamonds, pearls, and laces,
 Where, alas! are now the traces?
 All's the prey of a wild brigand!
 'Tis enough, my lord, to grieve me,
 And my fate I must deplore;—
 Let us home, and thence, believe me,
 I will never travel more!

Lord and Lady A. No, no, I will no longer stay
 Where constant dangers thus arise!
 No, no—no, no—we'll go away!
 Experience ought to make us wise!

Lorenzo and Carbiniers.
 The bandit chieftain, as they say,
 Conceal'd near yonder mountain lies:
 Oh, then, without delay,
 To gain the sought-for prize.

Zerlina and Matteo. I tremble if they truly say,
 The bandit near our mountain lies!
 Spreading around dismay,
 He ev'ry danger defies.

Lord A. (to LORENZO.) Signor Brigadier, I summon you, in the name of justice, to take cognizance of this shocking, positively shocking outrage.

Lorenzo. I am ready to hear you, sir, and willing to redress you.

Lord A. I have the honor, I must premise to you, of being an English nobleman, making the tour of Italy with my lady here, for divers reasons. Firstly, because it's fashionable to spend one's money from home; secondly, because, being newly married, I didn't well know what to do; and thirdly, because hearing so much about Italy and your volcanoes, I thought we should find something pretty and entertaining to look at; but, Signor Brigadier, your country is shocking, positively shocking!

Lorenzo. I am sorry, my Lord, that—

Lord A. Oh, so am I! very sorry, very sorry I ever came into it, and shall be very glad to get safe out of it, which isn't very easy, considering one runs the risk every hour of having one's throat cut in it. It's scarcely a mile off that our postillion was stopped.

Lady A. Yes, by a band of robbers.

Lorenzo. Which road did they take?

Lord A. Why, that I can't exactly say; for when they attacked the carriage I was fast asleep, by the side of my wife.

Lady A. Yes, and I must say, my Lord, you do but little else now

than sleep; you've got quite a habit of it; and I am sure, as I often tell you, something or another will happen to you in consequence.

Lorenzo. And what did the banditti rob you of?

Lord A. All they could get. They rummaged my carriage from top to bottom, searched every corner, felt me all over, and turned out my pockets; then they felt my Lady all over, and—

Lady A. Yes, and took from me all my sweet diamonds.

Lord A. The richest jewels you ever saw.

Lady A. And so becoming!

Lord A. True, my dear; I shall never fancy you half so beautiful without them.

Lorenzo. 'Tis the band we're in pursuit of—that of Fra Diavolo. Which way did they disappear?

Lord A. They vanished towards the mountains, along with our diamonds.

Lorenzo. Come, gentlemen, forward! The stirrup-cup, and to horse!

[MATTEO, assisted by the servants, pours out drink for the soldiers.]

Zerlina, (*approaching LORENZO, and in an under voice.*) Lorenzo, this dreadful robber—so fierce—so desperate! Should any misfortune befall you—

Lorenzo. There was a time I cared for life, but now—

Zerlina. Lorenzo!

Lorenzo. To-morrow makes you another's; your duty to your father has conquered your love for me. I'll not upbraid you for it. Farewell! be happy, and bestow now and then a thought on me, when I shall be no more.

Zerlina, (*agitated.*) You will live! you will live. I will breathe unceasing prayers to heaven for your safety.

Lorenzo. Prayers! yes—pray that to-morrow it will not be in my power to behold your marriage.

Zerlina. What mean you?

Lorenzo, (*wiping away a tear.*) Come! come! duty before all. My Lord, I look to bring you back fair tidings. Fare you well, father Matteo! Farewell, Zerlina! (*To his soldiers.*) March!

[*Music—Exit LORENZO, with his party, up the declivity.*]

Lord A. The Signor Brigadier seems very agitated about the business. This diabolical Fra Diavola frightens everybody.

Matteo. You are under a mistake, my Lord. Brigadier Lorenzo is a stranger to fear; his heart is Roman. He has, young as he is, seen much active service, and the brave fellow has only one fault.

Lord A. And what is that?

Matteo. He is in love, and has no fortune but his military pay, and gun shots in perspective.

Lord A. Shocking! positively shocking!

Matteo. Why, it is but a poor income indeed. Had it been otherwise with him, I shouldn't have wished for a better or a kinder hearted (*look-*

ing at his daughter ;) but prudence and reason must be minded. Come, Zerlina, clear away the bottles and glasses.

[The men servants of the inn take away the things.]

Lord A., (aside.) I'll try if I can't inspire the people hereabouts with a little courage, by means of my purse. Here, good Master Host! please to draw me out a little advertisement, and post it up everywhere, offering a reward to whosoever shall return to us the property we have lost.

Matteo. Most willingly, Signor.

[MATTEO sits down at the table, from the drawer of which he pulls out pen, ink, and paper, and begins writing, while LORD A. seems to dictate to him.]

Lady A. (addressing ZERLINA, who is sitting disconsolate in a corner.) What! crying, Miss Zerlina? Come, tell me your sorrow.

Zerlina, (rising and drying her eyes.) Mine, madam? I have none.

Lady A. Yes, yes, you have. Ah! you can't easily deceive me in those matters. *(Archly.)* I saw a certain young Brigadier, as he went away, cast a certain look at a certain pretty girl, that said plain enough, "Zerlina! how I love you!"

Zerlina, (alarmed and confused.) Madam!

Lady A. Well, child! and where's the harm? I like to see those things! True tenderness is so captivating! My Lord and I are an example. We married for love, and a love-match is such a sweet thing! *(Simpering tenderly to LORD A.)* Isn't it, my Lord?—*(seeing that he doesn't answer—angrily)*—My Lord!

Lord A. (busy at the table with MATTEO.) Zounds! you see I'm occupied, and you will plague me!—I'm drawing up a proclamation, offering a reward. *(To MATTEO.)* You have put down that I promise to give three hundred ducats.

Lady A. Three hundred? It isn't half enough, my Lord. *(To MATTEO.)* Put down, sir, one thousand ducats. My case of diamonds was well worth twenty thousand, and its being lost was nobody's fault, my Lord, but yours. You would take the bye-road across the country.

Lord A. I had my reasons for that, Lady A. I was determined to get rid of that over-gallant cavalier, who, these few days past, has seemed bent upon following us everywhere, and intruding himself on our notice, and even stopping at the same inns.

Lady A. I couldn't help the man's traveling the same road, could I?

Lord A. But you might have helped looking at the man, couldn't you? And you might also, I think, have helped yesterday evening talking with him, and singing that eternal barcarole, which I detest from my very soul.

Lady A. He was only trying to teach it me.

[When MATTEO has finished writing out a couple of copies, ZERLINA takes them from him, and with some wafers fixes them up conspicuously on two of the pillars, inside and outside; MATTEO posts up the other two, and they both keep pacing backwards and forwards during the ensuing duet between LORD and LADY A.]

Lord A. I won't have any man teach you anything. You know

quite enough already, without extending your knowledge by foreign instructions.

Lady A. (pettishly.) I suppose, my Lord, it's a crime to indulge in a little innocent music?

Lord A. You are never anxious to indulge in a little innocent music with me?

Lady A. Your Lordship has spoiled my taste for matrimonial duets by their monotony. But I trust I may be permitted a little harmless singing and playing whenever I please.

Lord A. I have no particular objection to your playing music, but I certainly have to your playing the coquette, as you did with that forward, impudent Marquis, who—

Lady A. I the coquette?

Lord A. Yes, my Lady, you. I saw it plain enough. It was shocking! positively shocking! and I here formally declare that I won't have any more such doings.

Lady A. You won't?

Lord A. That is, I don't exactly say I won't—but I—I—I won't, and there's an end!

Lady A. My Lord! my Lord!—

Lord A. My Lady, my Lady—once for all, let us understand each other.

DUET.

Lord A. I don't object, I don't object
To see you ever pleased and gay;
And while gallants around you play,
That you your husband should neglect,—
I don't object, I don't object,—
But, 'sdeath! to meet where'er I go,
An impudent annoying beau,
Whose evil motives I suspect—
I do object, I do object,—
Oh, yes, to that I do object.

I don't object, I don't object
To pay for trinkets without end;—
Nay, my whole fortune to expend
To see you fashionably deck'd—
I don't object, I don't object;
But to your seeking to make me
One of those husbands whom we see
Forming so numerous a sect—
I do object, I do object—
Oh, yes, to that I do object.

Lady A. I don't object, I don't object
To be precise, and not coquette;

And not to run you more in debt
 Than you in reason can expect—
 I don't object, I don't object;—
 But that a husband should presume
 The tyrant ever to assume,
 And dare to lecture and correct—
 I do object, I do object—
 Oh, yes, to that I do object.

Lord A. You may object as much as ever as you please; but let me tell you, for all that, madam, that you shall never again see this Neapolitan Marquis—this persevering Cicisbeo who has hitherto pursued us like our shadow, with an insolence, to say the least of it, shocking—positively shocking!

Matteo. Hark! it's the noise of a carriage. (*Running to look out.*) Yes, it's a landau stopping at my door. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Delightful! Some great Signor coming to stay at my house! What an honor! Here he is!

[*Enter the MARQUIS—over his dress a rich blue cloak, which he wears open, and in his hand a military hat with a white feather border. The servants come out also from the Inn.*]

Lord A. What do I see?—Curse me, but it's he again!

Lady A. The Marquis!

Marquis. How!—my charming foreigner!

QUINTETTE

<i>Marquis, (aside.)</i>	Oh! rapture unbounded! Indulgent fate new bliss prepares! My hopes are well founded— My joy her bosom shares.
<i>Lord A. (aside.)</i>	With wonder I'm astounded! Upon my wife see how he stares! My fears are well founded! To brave me still, he dares!
<i>Lady A. (aside.)</i>	With wonder I'm astounded, To trace our steps he boldly dares! My doubts are well founded! My beauty his heart ensnares.
<i>Zerlina and Matteo, (aside.)</i>	With wonder they're astounded! What joy the Marquis's look declares! My doubts are well founded, This fair one's chain he wears.

Matteo, (to ZERLINA.) Run, and our noble guest attend.

[*One of the servants comes forward and receives the MARQUIS's cloak, and ZERLINA takes his hat, which she gives the other servant.*]

Marquis. There's no haste.—I'll make some delay.

[*They go off, while the other two begin to cover the table.*]

I've traveled far, so I intend
Until to-morrow here to stay.

Lord A. (to his wife.) There!—There! You hear?

The case is clear!

No further now he means to go—

'Tis all on your account, I know.

Marquis, (aside.)

Hope, with cheering beam,
Now smiles on my scheme;
While love and fortune seem
Both kind also to prove!

Lady A. (aside.)

Who can thoughts confine?
He thinks me divine!
'Tis sure no fault of mine!

Zerlina, (aside.)

If with me he's in love!
Yes, from out his eyes
Love's flame brightly flies!
To hear his tender sighs
Her heart fain would he move.

(Together.)

My { hopes,
doubts, } are well founded.
fears, }

[*At the end of the above Quintette, LORD A. forces his wife into the inn. She curtsies to the MARQUIS as she goes out. A little before, two of the servants of the inn have laid a cloth, wine, fruit, and bread upon the table, at which the MARQUIS sits down when the Quintette is finished.*]

Matteo, (left hand of the table with a towel in his hand.) Come, Zerlina, be smart and stir about. Wait upon my noble lord, the Marquis. *(One of the two servants presents ZERLINA with a plate, and a folded napkin on it, to wait upon the guest.)* I hope, Signor, that you will be satisfied with the attention of my people and of my daughter here, whom I must leave mistress of the house, as I am obliged to absent myself from it for the night.

Marquis. Ah! you leave home, landlord? *(Pouring out a glass, &c., and beginning to eat.)*

Matteo. Yes, your Signory, almost directly. I am going to sleep two leagues off at the farm of my son-in-law, that is to be,—young Francesco Veroni, whom I shall bring here to-morrow with the whole wedding party

Zerlina, (aside.) Lorenzo!

Matteo. We shall have a merry time of it; for to-morrow is the greatest holiday we have—Easter Sunday; and who weds on that day, they say, has less to repent of than upon any other.

Marquis, (continuing to eat.) Have you many in your inn just now?

Matteo. Only yourself, Signor, and the outlandish gentleman and lady you beheld just now.

Marquis. No others? *(After a moment's reflection.)* The lady is handsome,—but the lord, her husband, seems somewhat sour-tempered.

Zerlina. That's not to be wondered at, Signor; he has been attacked and rifled by the bandits of the mountains.

Marquis, (eating all the time.) Can't be!—I've no faith in robbers.

Matteo. I have, though; as much faith as in our Lady of the Green Palms, our holy patroness. *(Signing himself with the cross.)*

Marquis. Mere stories to fright travelers. I have passed the mountains by day and by night, and I have never been attacked.

Matteo. Like enough, formerly; but ever since Fra Diavolo has fixed his infernal quarters in the neighborhood—

Marquis. Fra Diavolo!—Why, who's he?

Zerlina. How! Have you never heard of him, Signor?

Matteo. Not heard of Fra Diavolo?

Zerlina. He's a famous robber.

Matteo. Who is everywhere at once!

Zerlina. And whom nobody can come up with!

Matteo. He wears an amulet about him, which he stole from a Cardinal, and which renders him invisible!

Marquis. Only think of that!

Zerlina. And the balls shot against him rebound from his skin!

Marquis. Is it possible!

Zerlina. Oh, it's true, Signor! His daring adventures would fill up a hundred books, and as the song says—

Marquis. What! there's a song too about him, is there?

Matteo. Oh, a famous one;—all in honor of him—twenty-two stanzas,

Marquis. How many?

Matteo. Twenty-two. If my lord would like, during his repast, to hear——

Marquis. Is one obliged to hear the whole of it?

Matteo. That's just as people choose; nobody is forced.

Marquis. Oh, well! Come, then, let's hear it?

Matteo, (detaching a mandolin from the wall, and handing it to his daughter.) Here girl.

Zerlina, (declining it, and laying it by her on the corner of the table.) Thanks, Father! I can sing it very well without.

SONG.

On yonder rock reclining,
That fierce and swarthy form behold!
Fast his hands his carbine hold;
'Tis his best friend of old.

This way his steps inclining,
His scarlet plume o'ershades his brow,
And his velvet cloak hangs low
Playing in graceful flow.

Tremble!—E'en while the storm is beating,
Hear echo afar repeating—
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

Altho' his foes waylaying,
He fights with rage and hate combined;
Towards the gentle fair, they find
He's ever mild and kind.

The maid too heedless straying,
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)
Home returns full sad and slow
What can have made her so?
Tremble!—Each one the maiden meeting,
Is sure to be repeating—
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

Marquis, (rising suddenly and singing the concluding verse.)

While thus his deeds accusing,
Let justice, too, at least be shown,—
All that's lost here let us own,
Mayn't be his prize alone.
Full oft his name abusing,
Perchance some young and rustic beau,
Whilst his hopes with conquest glow,
At beauty's shrine bows low.
Tremble!—Each sighing lover dread,
For of him more truly may be said—
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

[*At the conclusion of the song, the MARQUIS retakes his seat at the table, and BEPPO and GIACOMO appear from L., at the centre pillars at the top of the stage, their cloaks about them.*]

Zerlina, (perceiving them, and with a sudden alarm.) Ha! who are these men?

Matteo. How now? What seek ye here?

Beppo, (advancing on the L. of ZERLINA, with GIACOMO at his left very humbly.) Hospitality for the night.

Giacomo. In the name of our Lady of the Green Palms.

Matteo. Go to the Devil! D'ye think its our custom to shelter beggars and vagabonds!

Beppo. We are poor pilgrims.

Zerlina, (interceding.) Dear Father should they speak the truth—

Matteo. Pooh, nonsense, girl! Pilgrims dressed in that manner?

Beppo. We are on our pilgrimage to fulfil a vow.

Matteo. What vow!

Giacomo. That of making our fortunes.

Matteo. Carry your ill-looking faces further, then, for you certainly won't make it here.

Marquis. (rising, and opening his purse, from which he takes out a few pieces.) Who knows? perhaps they may. Here, honest friends, take ye this. I bestow my alms upon you in the name of this fair creature.

Beppo and Giacomo, (taking the money and inclining themselves.)
Oh, noble Marquis.

Matteo. How!—Why, noble Signor, they know you!

Marquis. Yes,—they're a couple of poor devils whom I met on the road this morning, and whom I've already relieved once. Master landlord, to finish my work of charity, I will pay for their support and beds.

Matteo. It will be a crown a head.

Marquis. A head! That's more than both their heads are worth, perhaps;—but no matter. There my host.

Matteo, (receiving the money.) Since my lord Marquis condescends to favor them, they need no other recommendation.

Zerlina. Father, shall they be lodged in the loft? (*Pointing R.*)

Matteo. Not in the house;—no, no;—particularly as I shall be out of it. Here, Roberto! give them a slice of something to eat, and afterwards show them yourself into the barn there close by. (*To the other servants.*) The rest of ye go in and get ready the supper for the English lord and his lady. (*Exeunt servants.—To ZERLINA.*) You, my child, shall come with me a part of my road as far as the Hermitage, and we will chat a little about your bridegroom. I have the honor to take my leave, Signor Marquis. I hope when I return to-morrow morning with my new son-in-law that I shall find your Signory still here.

Marquis. I hope so too; I rise very late.—Farewell, good host! A pleasant journey to you.—Adieu, my pretty dear.

[ZERLINA, when addressed by her father, has gone and taken down his hat from the wall, and presented it to him along with his cane. She then gives him her arm, and exit with him.]

[The MARQUIS has sat down at the corner of the table, using his tooth-pick. BEPPO and GIACOMO look cautiously around to see if all are gone, and then approach the table, one on the left hand, the other on the right.]

Beppo, (taking up the bottle, and pouring himself out a glass of wine.) Here's your health. [To the MARQUIS.]

Marquis, (with haughty surprise.) What?

Beppo. I say your health.

Marquis. What means this impertinence? (*Taking up the mandolin, and aiming a blow at him, he escapes it, leaving the wine undrunk.*)

Giacomo, (taking off hat.) Excuse him, Captain; he's a raw recruit who doesn't yet know the respect due to you. (*In a low voice to BEPPO behind.*) Why don't you take off your hat? (*BEPPO takes it off.*) He's not yet quite up in our ways, but he's of excellent promise, and sure to do honor to his profession with a little practice. He was a steward lately in a great house, but he's now determined to act like a brave fellow, and rob openly.

Marquis. Yes, but it's not enough to be brave alone, 'tis necessary to have some manners, and a little knowledge of life. There certainly never was seen, in its beginning, a more rude and disorderly troop than that which I have the honor to command! The most ill-bred rascals that ever—(*Rising and taking the stage to the right hand.*) If

I hadn't introduced among them a little order and discipline! (*To GIACOMO, pointing to a decanter on the table, and turning up his sleeves.*) Some water! (*GIACOMO instantly pours the water over the MARQUIS's hands as he holds them over a water glass.*) I'll tell you what, my facetious friend—(*To BEPPO whilst washing his hands*)—the first familiarity you honor me with, I'll blow your brains out; that will be a lesson to you.

Beppo. How!—a pretty lesson indeed! Blow my—

Giacomo, (putting back the water on the table.) He'll do it as sure as you live.

Beppo, (frightened.) Hey!

Marquis. A towel! (*BEPPO hastens to give it him: the MARQUIS dries his hands, and throws it on the table; taking the stage again to right hand.*) What news is there, and what brings ye here?

Beppo, (with his hat off.) Our enterprise has succeeded. We've stopped the English Milord, and his diamonds.

Marquis. Think ye I'm ignorant of that?—I know it well enough.

Giacomo. All the informations you gave us, Captain, have proved exact to the letter.

Marquis. I believe ye. It's now three days since I've been following their steps, watching their movements, dining with them in the same inns, and every evening singing barcaroles with my Lady. You think, I suppose, there's no labor in all that.

Giacomo. We know well enough, noble Captain, all that you do for us.

Marquis. Then be grateful, ye hounds, and above all, obedient. But tell me, didn't my Lord defend himself, and haven't we lost some of our people?

Giacomo. No, Captain; on the contrary, we gained a brother. The postillion turns out to be an old comrade, who quitted us, and who now asks to enlist with us afresh.

Marquis. Ha! he quitted us, did he?

Giacomo. Yes, Captain.

Marquis. Is he in your hands?

Giacomo. He is.

Marquis, (coolly settling his neckcloth in a pocket-glass.) Let him be shot. I don't like inconstancy—I mean in our profession; towards the fair, that's quite another thing; and since, thanks to my Lord, we are rich in diamonds, let a set of the brightest be sent to Fiorina, the young opera singer under my protection. I love to patronize the fine arts, and particularly music.

Giacomo. It shall be done, Captain.

Marquis. Well! haven't you told me all?

Giacomo. No, truly, Captain: and we're very much afraid that we've been taken in.

Marquis. Ay, ay! Pray, how is that?

Giacomo. The money box which you informed us of, and which we were to find in the lord's carriage—

Marquis, (anxiously.) Twenty thousand gold pieces, which he was going to bank at Leghorn—at least so his lady told me. Well?

Giacomo. (shrugging up his shoulders.) Impossible to find them.

Marquis. Idiots! to miss such a glorious prize.

Beppo. Perhaps he spent them o' purpose to cheat us.

Giacomo. Very like; there's nothing but meanness and roguery in the world. Common honesty has no followers.

Beppo. People now-a-days never think of parting with their money handsomely; you must take it from them nilly willy!

Marquis. Silence and begone! This it is not to do one's own affairs. But I'll find out, cost what it will, what has become of all that gold. I see I must have a few more duets with my lady. What would these rascals do without me? (*Looking at the door of the Inn, which just then opens.*) Ha! by fortune's smiles, 'tis she! (*Perceiving BEPPO and GIACOMO loitering at the top of the stage.*) How now? ain't ye gone? [*They disappear.*]

Enter LADY ALLCASH, from the Inn.

Lady A. (coming in gently.) My Lord has fallen asleep in his arm-chair, and the evening air is so inviting—

Marquis, (advancing.) Charming lady!

Lady A. (alarmed and retreating.) Ha! you here still, Signor? My husband is only in the next room. He's fast asleep; but he's of such a jealous disposition. Oh! he's a perfect Othello; and if he should wake and see us together—

Marquis. He cannot surely feel offended at our devoting a few harmless moments to the enjoyments of a little music. It has been these few happy evenings past—happy at least to me—our favorite pastime. Your gentle heart delights in harmony—so does mine. See—this mandolin that courts our notice, seems to invite our skill.—(*Taking up the mandolin, which ZERLINA had placed on the corner of the table.*)—Come, let us repeat the barcarole which we began yesternight.

Lady A. (looking towards the door.) Ah! I hear him! He's coming.

Marquis, (hastily snatching up the mandolin and beginning:)

THE BARCAROLE.*

The gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will for his love each danger brave;
Winds and waves both disdain'd
From his lady's bright eyes
Be a glance but the prize,
It is still something gain'd.

[*Looking at Lady A.*]

* The following ballad was introduced by Mr. Wood, in place of the above two verses and the third one, on a subsequent page.

List thee, dear lady, oh, listen, I pray—
In life's early season, love is the lay—
A young knight there came to his lady-love's bower,

The gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will in his bark each danger brave,
By each fear unrestrain'd.
From the lips of his fair,
If a smile soothe his care,
It is still something—

[*Interrupting himself suddenly, he looks towards the door, and seeing that no one comes, he replaces the mandolin on the table, and passionately addresses LADY A.*]

Marquis. Ah, lovely stranger! must your heart remain ever insensible to the flame that devours mine?

Lady A. (trying to regain her chamber.) Signor, I cannot listen—

Marquis, (retaining her.) I am silent, Madam, you may remain. Surely to admire your perfections in silence cannot offend you?

Lady A. I cannot certainly help, nor hinder your admiring me, Signor.

Marquis. Ah, Madam! my soul is a slave to your unequalled charms. When I behold those soul-speaking features—that ravishing shape—the modest taste and simple elegance of that attire—the—(*his eyes suddenly rivetted in admiration upon a rich gold locket, rimmed with diamonds, round LADY A.'s neck, hanging loosely from a black ribbon*)—the beautiful diamonds!

Lady A. What, these? Do you know that they're the only ones that escaped the robbers! I hid them with such care.

Marquis, (aside, with vexation.) Stupid rascals, what a pity! (*Turning to LADY A., with a tone of gallantry.*) Ah, Madam! what need of ornament hath beauty like yours? Yet I confess this is worthy of admiration—(*taking it up in his hand*)—and the more I look at it—does it not contain something?

Lady A. (smiling.) Well guessed. You must know, my husband had it made on purpose for himself, and it contains my portrait.

He touched his guitar, he sang of love's power.
She was another's—ah! there was the sting:
Start not, fair lady, another I sing.

Unknown was the knight, and no one could say
From whence he had come, or whither his way;
Disguise he assumed, he hovered around,
She was the charm that his bosom had found;
E'en in her chamber, her love notes they ring:
Start not, fair lady, another I sing.

Past vows are forgotten, 'tis seen in her eyes,
'Tis told in her blush, 'tis breathed in her sighs:
The young knight is urgent, love is the tale—
Love over reason too oft will prevail;
Her thoughts are all his—to a brigand they cling:
Start not, fair lady, another I sing.

(*Taking it off, opening it, and showing it to the MARQUIS.*) Do you think it like?

Marquis, (*with affected ecstasy.*) Heavens! Can it be? 'Tis nature's self! Yes, there are the soft and tender orbs, that look but to enchant! The lovely features, cast in the mould of perfect beauty! It moves—it speaks—it fills my soul with rapture! (*Changing to sudden rage.*) And shall a tyrant husband, a barbarian, a senseless rival, possess such a treasure? No! (*Putting the locket in his bosom.*) Never! never!

Lady A. (*astonished.*) Sir! What is't you do?

Marquis. I will keep it from his hands.

Lady A. (*trying to regain it.*) But, Sir—

Marquis. I will never part with it!

Lady A. Signor, I request—

Marquis. It shall remain for ever close to my heart! It is in vain to ask it from me. It is too valuable for me ever to give it up!

Lady A. Was there ev— Ha! here's my husband!

[*The MARQUIS and LADY are close to the table, so that the MARQUIS can snatch up the mandolin at once. LORD A. appears at the door of the Inn, when the MARQUIS, hastily seizing the mandolin, continues the air of the barcarole.*]

Marquis.

The gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will through the storm the billows brave,
By fond hope e'er sustain'd;
If at last to his breast,
Her lov'd image is press'd—

[*Pressing the picture to his heart.*]

It is still something gain'd!

[*LORD A., after having listened awhile at the threshold, comes down between them.*]

TRIO.

Lord A.

Bravi! bravi! bravi!

Lady A.

Is't you, my Lord?

Lord A.

'Tis I, you see.

Lady A.

Did our music break your rest?

Lord A. (aside.)

The very name I detest!

Lady A. (aside.)

By music I'm ever delighted!
Sweet charm of the mind!
Yet in music my husband
No pleasure can find;
So, we're never together
In harmony join'd!

Lord A. (aside.)

Together they're ever united,
They're both of one mind!
To be pleased with their music
I'm little inclined;
We can never be together
In harmony join'd.

Marquis, (aside.) By music's sweet power excited,
She's growing more kind!
With my lord how to deal
Speedy means I must find;
For his wife, and his gold,
Both are much to my mind!

[*The servants take in the tables quietly.*]

Lady A. We were just going to try over the new barcarole, my Lord.

Lord A. Very kind, indeed, of you, my Lady, whilst I was almost eaten up by a swarm of mosquitoes! Besides, I think I told you before I fell asleep, to order me some refreshment.

Marquis. Well, my Lord, and surely, while you were having your refreshment, we might be having a little music.

Lord A. Yes, if I had got any refreshment; but zounds! I had none; and there was I waiting for it all the time—and I might have waited, I see, long enough!

Marquis. Nay, why didn't you say so before, my Lord? (*Calling.*) Within, there! some one!

Lord A. Oh! there's no occasion now! it's not wanted; my thirst is all gone.

Marquis, (with seeming concern.) Doubtless, my Lord, the loss of your diamonds has taken it away.

Lord A. Yes, that, and—something else besides.

Marquis. You alarm me, my Lord. Has any misfortune happened to the twenty thousand pieces of gold which you were going to deposit at Leghorn?

Lord A. No, no,—the fates be praised, I have them still—safe enough.

Marquis. Ah! I breathe again. Do me the justice, my Lord, to appreciate my friendly anxiety; for I can assure you, that had you lost them, I should have been as seriously vexed as yourself.

Lady A. How kind you are!

Marquis. My only intention, in alluding to the money, was to make you a free offer of my pocket-book.

Lord A. I thank you, Marquis—(*drawing out his pocket-book*)—but I have already replenished my own.

Marquis. Well, I cannot conceive how you managed it! How in the world's name, my Lord, were you able to save your gold?

Lord A. By a little judicious contrivance which I don't intend to tell anybody.

Marquis. You are certainly very clever, my Lord!

Lord A. I believe you.

Lady A. (to the MARQUIS.) He changed the gold for bank bills, and afterwards had them sewed up.

Marquis. Sewed up! (*Anxiously.*) And where?

Lord A. (laughing.) Ha! ha! ha! Guess, now!

Marquis. I am very bad at guessing.

Lord A. In my coat, and in my lady's gown!

[Touching her large sleeves at the shoulder.

Marquis. No! Is it possible? What? (Crossing to LADY A. and examining her dress.) Such a rich and precious treasure—(Turning with a laugh to LORD A.) Ha! ha! ha!—Capital, I declare!

Lord A. (also laughing heartily.) Wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha! Yes, yes,—my lady and I were positively lined with money.

Marquis, (aside.) Thank you for the knowledge. [Gains the L.

[At this moment a warlike march is heard without.]

COMMENCEMENT OF THE FINALE TO THE FIRST ACT.

Lord A. } (Going to the top of the stage and looking out.)
Lady A. }

Hark! those sounds!

Marquis. What means that warlike strain?

Enter BEPPO and GIACOMO, mysteriously.

Bepo, } (Aside to the MARQUIS in alarm.)
Giacomo, }

A brigadier with arm'd force,
On towards this spot directs his course!
Let us fly!

Marquis. Never!—cowards! remain!

Bepo. I quake with fear!

Marquis. What is it ye dread?—Am I not here?

[Enter LORENZO, and the Carbiniers, met and followed by a crowd of villagers and peasants. The people of the Inn enter from the second wing, L., the soldiers range themselves towards the R. The villagers, peasants, and servants of the Inn fill the back.]

CHORUS.

Victoria! Victoria! Rejoice!

Joy now reign around!

Raise the grateful voice!

They } come with victory crown'd.
We }

Enter ZERLINA, hastily.

Zerlina, (hastening joyfully to LORENZO.)

Again I greet my friend!

Lady A. } (Impatiently to LORENZO.)
Lord A. }

Lorenzo. Our anxious torments end!
In deep silence proceeding,
The daring band we track'd;
And their retreat impeding,
We there numbers attack'd.

Marquis, (aside.) And I was away!

Lorenzo. With fury, first at bay,
Brave and dauntless they stood;
But, ere long, twenty lay
Expiring in their blood.

Marquis, (aside.) Oh, revenge!

Lorenzo.

Soon the rest from us fly
In fear and wild defeat;
While thus our joyous cry
Echoes around repeat:
Victoria!

CHORUS.

Victoria!—Rejoice!—
Joy now reign around!
Raise the grateful voice!
They } come with victory crowned.
We }

Lorenzo, (advancing towards LORD A.) My lord, our victory over the banditti will afford you cause for joy, for upon the body of one of the robbers whom we killed, I found this rich treasure. [*He takes the box from one of the men, red morocco and gold, rather large, and filled with jewels.*]

Lady A. (seizing the box with eager joy.) 'Tis mine! Oh! happiness!

Lord A. The jewels!—Oh, kind fortune!

[*LORD and LADY A. open the box to examine its contents.*]

Marquis, (aside.) Cursed fate!—To lose at once through him, (*pointing to LORENZO,*) my comrades and my prize.

Beppo, (aside to GIACOMO.) Now, that's a shameful robbery—to go and despoil the dead of their property.

Lorenzo. And now, once more, farewell!

Zerlina, (anxiously.) Will you leave us again so soon?

Lorenzo. I must.

Zerlina. But wherefore this moment?

Lorenzo. The chief of the desperate band has contrived to escape us; but we are on his track, and he cannot long baffle our search. Farewell, Zerlina!

Lady A. Stay, Signor—one instant. (*Hurriedly to LORD A.*) My Lord, your pocket-book.

Lord A. Eh! my pocket-book? (*Drawing it out reluctantly.*) Pray why, my dear?

Lady A. Make haste, my Lord, give it me.—(*She opens the pocket-book, takes out some notes, and addresses LORENZO.*) Signor Captain, thus much at parting.—My husband, who esteems and honors courage, is your debtor in one thousand ducats, which I here present you.

Lorenzo, (drawing back.) Madam!

Lady A. Nay, only read yonder paper. (*Pointing to one of the placards affixed upon one of the pillars.*) The reward is richly merited, and shall be your's.

Lorenzo, (putting back the notes which LADY A. presses upon him.) Never, think me not so mercenary, madam.

Lady A. (in a low voice to him.) 'Tis Zerlina's portion; refuse it not, but rather accept a treasure to-day, that you may obtain a more precious one to-morrow.

Zerlina, (coming between them and taking the bank notes hastily.) I accept for him. He is now, thank heaven! as rich as his rival.

Lorenzo, (with joy.) And I may then—

Zerlina. Seek my father—

Lorenzo. And ask of him—

Zerlina. Even to-morrow—

Lorenzo. Thy heart—

Zerlina. And my hand—

Lorenzo. Joyful hour!

Zerlina. Happy destiny!

Lorenzo, (gracefully to LADY A.) Ah, madam! you have made me blest indeed. A short farewell, *Zerlina*. Nothing shall keep me long from thy presence!

[He goes to his party, which he marshals in order for departure.]

Marquis, (aside.) Revenge shall overtake thy steps! Keep by me, friends; all's yet in our favor. The father of the girl will be absent all night; the house is almost empty; my Lord unarmed.

Beppo. But the soldiers!

Marquis. They are departing; they are going elsewhere to surprise us.

Giacomo. Ha! ha! a pleasant journey to 'em!

Marquis. Obey punctually the orders I shall give ye. and to-night shall yield us rich booty, and full vengeance.

FINALE RESUMED.

Lorenzo, (to his troop.) Let's on; To conquest, friends! Again.

Marquis, (aside to BEPPO and GIACOMO.) They depart—We safe remain.

Lorenzo, Zerlina. Farewell!

Lorenzo and Zerlina. Hope in my heart once more is smiling;

Past ills, fortune will soon repay!

Marquis, Beppo, and Giacomo.

Let revenge upon us smiling,

On to vengeance point the way!

Lord and Lady A. May kind fate propitious smiling,

Guide him safely on his way.

Chorus. Hope once more upon them smiling,

Every evil will repay!

Lorenzo and Zerlina. Love each care now beguiling,

Around us will play!

Marquis, (aside to his companions.)

Ere the dawning of the day;

Their precautions beguiling,

We'll make them our prey!

(Together.)

Zerlina, Lorenzo, and Chorus.

Let each heart rejoice!

Pleasure reign around!

Raise the grateful voice!

We'll } come with victory crown'd.
They'll }

Victoria! Victoria!

Still let that cry aloud resound!

Lord and Lady A. We may now rejoice!
All we lost is found!
Raise the grateful voice!
They'll come with victory crown'd!
Victoria! Victoria!
Still let that cry aloud resound!

Marquis, Beppo, and Giacomo, (aside.)
Though they now rejoice,
In our toils they're bound!
Never shall their voice,
Again with victory sound!
Victoria! Victoria!
Our band shall all their hopes confound!

[*The servants of the Inn come out with torches to light LADY A. and LORD A. into the Inn. LORENZO, at the head of his soldiers, files off at the top of the stage, followed by the villagers. LORD A. leads his LADY into the Inn, R. The MARQUIS graciously salutes them as they depart, and exit. One of the servants of the Inn (ROBERTO) conducts BEPPO and GIACOMO towards the barn.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

[*A sleeping chamber in the Inn. At the front wings two closet glass doors facing the audience. Near to the second wing a bed with curtains (very plain,) and before it a small table with a mirror, a chair at the foot and another at the side. At the second wing, another door leading into the lower rooms. At the back in the C. is a practicable window opening on the country, and a settee under it. A mandolin hangs near it. The stage is quite dark as the curtain goes up. Music.*]

[*Enter ZERLINA through the glass door, a light in her hand.*]

Zerlina. So,—my lord's and lady's chamber for the night is quite prepared; and their supper over, they may retire to rest as soon as ever they please; they'll find, I hope, that nothing is wanting to their comfort. The reputation of our house must not suffer in my father's absence. (*Placing a light on the table.*) Well, I have now a few moments to myself for the first time the whole day; what happiness! Undisturbed and unobserved I may once more devote my thoughts to the dear absent object they love most to dwell upon.

SONG.

Oh, hour of joy! from restraint I now am free!
One moment's mine, and I yield it, dearest, to thee!

How much I love I've not e'n time to own;—
 Lest I forget, I repeat it when alone.—
 Yes, I love with heart sincere,
 And thy image, Lorenzo! so dear,
 Is grav'd forever here!
 Oh, hour of joy!—from restraint I now am free!
 One moment's mine, and I yield it, dearest! to thee.

How impatiently I wait for my father's return! I am sure his heart will now yield to the wishes of mine, since Lorenzo's fortune is more than equal to Francesco's. Hark! My Lord and my Lady are coming to bed—they're on the stairs. (*Snatching up the light, she runs and throws open the door.*)—This way, my Lord;—this way, my Lady—Your chamber is quite ready.

[*Enter LORD and LADY A. with a night taper in his hand, which ZERLINA takes from him and puts on the table where there is another candle, which she lights.*]

TRIO.

Lord A.

Let us, I pray,
 Good wife, to rest!

I have long'd for my sleep all the day!
 Of all his comforts, 'tis confess'd,
 A husband finds good sleep the best.

Lady A. (*displeased.*)

What, my lord, so soon to rest?
 Your repose somewhat longer delay!
 The time was, I can well attest,
 You were much less inclined to rest.

Zerlina, (*aside.*)

This good my lord loves well his rest!

Lord A. (*aside.*)

But one year in wedlock join'd,
 And no longer to agree!

One so mild, so soft, so kind—

Who such a change could e'er foresee?

Lady A. (*aside.*)

But one year in wedlock join'd,
 And thus rude he dares to be,
 Once all fondness,—now unkind,—

Who such a change could e'er foresee?

Zerlina, (*aside.*)

But one year in wedlock join'd,
 And yet thus to disagree!

When my fate Hymen shall bind,

With us the same it ne'er shall be!

Lord A.

The hour is late.—New dangers dreading,
 We must depart at break of day.

Lady A.

No, no, my Lord.—Zerlina's wedding
 To witness I intend to stay.

Zerlina, (*L.*)

My heart with gratitude's impress'd;

Lady A. (*crosses to ZERLINA.*) My friendship further still I'll show;—

Treasure my words within your breast,

What husbands are I'll let you know—

My dear, all husbands, you must know—

Lord A. (*interrupting her.*) Let us, I pray, good wife, to rest!

Zerlina. Aught else does my Lord now demand?
 Lord A. No: so good night, my pretty maid.
 Lady A. You must wait and give me your aid.
 Zerlina. I'm at your ladyship's command.

[As they are going out, LORD A. suddenly stops and fixes his looks on LADY A.'s neck.]

Lord A. Eh? what's become, my dear, I pray
 Of the gold locket which every day
 I used to see hanging at your side,—
 By a black ribbon always tied?
 Lady A. (confused.) What, the picture?
 Lord A. Yes! it is not there.
 Lady A. 'Tis somewhere else.
 Lord A. Well, but where?
 Lady A. (crossing R.) Let us, I pray, good lord, to rest!
 You've long'd for your sleep all the day.
 Of all his comforts, 'tis confess'd,
 A husband finds good sleep the best.
 Lord A. (aside.) But one year in wedlock join'd,
 And no longer to agree!
 Once so mild, so soft, so kind,
 Who such a change could e'er foresee?
 Lady A. (aside.) But one year in wedlock join'd,
 And thus rude he dares to be!
 Once all fondness, now unkind,
 Who such a change could e'er foresee?
 Zerlina, (aside.) But one year in wedlock join'd,
 And yet thus to disagree!
 When my fate Hymen shall bind,
 With us the same it ne'er shall be!

[At the end of the Trio, ZERLINA lights LORD and LADY A. into their room, leaving on the table her own night candle, which gives a very faint light. After a while, the MARQUIS appears at the door, his movements silent and cautious.]

Marquis. All seem to have retired for the night; a favorable stillness reigns throughout the inn, and not a creature, fortune be thanked, has seen me ascend the stairs. So far all is right. As I understand, my lord's room is the second chamber on the first floor, at the end of the corridor. This is certainly the first chamber; but which is the second? Is it this? (Having advanced L. he uncloses the glass door of the closet, which he leaves open.) No. As far as I can discern, 'tis a mere lumber-room—trunks, chairs, curtains—(looking towards the other glass door.) Then that must be the corridor leading to the English Lord's bed-chamber. (He goes, opens the right hand door, and looks in.) Yes—I'm right. There is no other passage, no outlet whatever; our prey cannot escape us. Let me now apprize my comrades whom they lodged in the barn. (Opening the c. window.) They ought by this time to be out of it, yet I see them not. The moon has set, and the night grows darker. Perhaps they are on the watch somewhere

about the house. (*Perceiving the mandolin that hangs near the window, and taking it down.*) Now for the signal agreed upon—but should the people hear me?—Well, what matter—I'm not inclined to sleep, so I'll sing that's all. We sing night and day in Italy. Besides, my carol will rouse no suspicions. 'Tis the air warbled by all the tender-hearted damsels who wait their lover's coming; so it's pretty common all through the country!

SERENADE.

Young Agnes, beauteous flower,
 Sweet as blooming May,
 One evening from her tower
 Thus pour'd her tender lay;
 The night now hath spread its shade,
 And 'twill hide thee from all.
 Then haste to thy faithful maid,
 Darkness veils bower and hall;
 Oh, haste beneath her tower!
 Dost thou not hear love's call?

The silent hour invites thee,
 No star sheds its ray;
 No danger, love, affrights thee,
 Wherefore then dost thou stay!
 When sunbeams illume the sky,
 Guardians then may appal;
 But now closed is every eye,
 Let thy steps gently fall.
 The silent hour invites thee;
 Dost thou not hear love's call?

[*At the conclusion of the second verse, BEPPO and GIACOMO appear at the open window.*]

Beppo. Diavolo!

Marquis. Hush! Enter without noise.

Giacomo. 'Ifaith, it was no easy matter to get out of that cursed barn into which they crammed us. [*He closes the window.*]

Beppo, (coming forward noisily.) No, indeed. (*Captain stops him, and he continues more softly.*) They treated us like valuable articles as we are;—they were afraid we might be stolen. We are exact, though, you see, Captain. Men of honor are always punctual.

Marquis. Be silent. My Lord and his Lady are but just gone into their room.

Giacomo. And where are the twenty thousand ducats' worth of diamonds we have been robbed of?

Beppo. And the bank bills of which they cheated us!

Marquis. They are along with them. (*GIACOMO and BEPPO half drawing their knives, are advancing towards the chamber, the MARQUIS stops them.*) Where go ye?

Giacomo. To get back our property.

Marquis. Hold awhile; they're not yet asleep. There's also some one in their chamber, who will, however, soon come out; the young girl there of the inn.

Giacomo. Zerlina?

Beppo. Good; we've a reckoning with her, too; forward little devil! There are clean one thousand ducats properly ours, which she has turned away out of the lump.

Marquis. They'll come back to us again, fear not. But it isn't against her that my vengeance burns! 'tis against that Lorenzo, her lover, who has deprived us of a score of brave fellows; and, by saint Diavolo, my patron, I will be revenged upon him—or I'm not an Italian.

Zerlina (without.) Good night, my lord; I will not forget the hour.

Marquis. Hush! the girl comes. (*Showing them the glass door, L.*) Into that closet,—quick—behind those curtains.

Beppo. (Hesitating.) Behind the curtains?

Marquis. Yes, to be sure—till she's gone.

[*They all three enter the closet, L. shutting the door after them.*]

Re-enter ZERLINA.

Zerlina. Good night, my lord; good night, my lady; you are sure to rest well; the house is very quiet, and very safe. Heaven be praised, every body is now in bed and asleep, and I shall not be sorry to be the same. I am dreadfully tired with my day's work! I must make haste and fall asleep very fast, for it's very late, and I must be up at dawn. (*She takes the outside day-cover off the couch.*) My bed, to be sure, is nothing like my lord's—far from it.

[*While speaking, she throws open the glass-doors of the closet, L. which opens out towards the audience, and places upon a chair which is just at the entrance inside, the bed-cover which she has folded. She leaves the closet doors open, and continuing her speech, she gets up toward the couch again, keeping her back to the closet. During this, the MARQUIS and his companions have got behind the loose curtain.*]

It's neither so fine, nor so soft;—but no matter, I rather fancy, for all that, my sleep will be the sweeter. I am so happy.

Giacomo, (appearing at the entrance of the closet.) Why, zounds! this is her room!

Beppo. (Ditto.) What shall we do?

Marquis. (Ditto.) Wait quietly till she's asleep.

Beppo. Well, then, let her make haste.

Zerlina. To-morrow, Lorenzo will return! He will ask me of my father, who certainly can't refuse him now; for he is rich—he's worth one thousand ducats! (*Drawing the notes from her bosom.*) Here they are! They are his—stay, stay—they are ours; they belong to us. Are they all right though? (*Counting them.*) Yes; I am always so in fear of any being missing. Pretty creatures, how I do love them. (*Kissing them.*) So much, that they shan't leave me—they shall sleep along with me, under my pillow. [*Placing them under the bolster.*]

Beppo, (from the closet.) Those rascally notes!

[*MARQUIS claps his hand on his mouth.*]

Marquis. Will you hold your tongue?

Zerlina. (*Drawing forward the table with the mirror.*) And as to Francesco, whom my father is to bring with him as his son-in-law, why—I'll speak to him frankly. I'll tell him—I don't love him; that'll comfort him. (*Brings down the chair from the side of the bed.*) And to-morrow, by this time, I shall, perhaps, be the wife of Lorenzo. Oh!

[*With delight.*]

Beppo. What a tongue!

Marquis. Hush!

Zerlina. His wife? Ah! I have so long—so long dreamt of it!—aye, every night going to bed; but now, there's no more doubt about it; I shall be married to him to-morrow, that's a sure thing.

CAVATINA AND CONCERTED PIECE.

[*As the symphony begins, she sits before the table, (her back to the closet,) and takes off her ribbon head dress, her necklace and her ear-rings; then, as indicated in the music, she proceeds to take off, at different periods, her variegated apron, her short sleeves, and her outward corset of ribbons, remaining, at last, in a neat white underdress.*]

'Tis to-morrow—yes, to-morrow,

That makes me a happy wife!

Thus ending every sorrow,

I shall now be blest for life!

We shall, I'm sure, ne'er disagree,—

[*Takes out her waist pins.*]

Nor resemble the great in our love!

For dear Lorenzo kind will be,

And jealous he'll never, never prove—

Ah! (*squeezing her finger*)—carefully and slow.

Deuce take the pin!—

Beppo (*peeping through the cabinet.*) How pretty she looks so!

[*The MARQUIS makes a threatening gesture.*]

Well, I'm not speaking; I but look!

Marquis, (*pushing BEPPO away and taking his place.*)

Begone!

'Tis my place here to see what's going on.

[*The MARQUIS is looking through the panes R. BEPPO kneeling on his left knee, and GIACOMO leaning against the side of the door, L. ZERLINA rises, leaving apron and curricule on the chair, which she puts back again near the bed.*]

Zerlina, (*going on with her night-toilet.*)

My Lorenzo's heart I know;

In his wife he'll e'er confide;

Oh, how I wish the knot were tied!

Haste, to-morrow; haste, to-morrow!

And make me a happy wife;

Thus ending ev'ry sorrow,

Let me now be blest for life!

What, though my figure all the grace

Of my Lady's may not display,

Yet Lorenzo, though such be the case,

Is not to be pitied, I must say.

[Standing before the glass in an attitude, and surveying herself with much satisfaction.]

For a servant, there's no denying,
Here's a shape that's not much amiss!
There's no cause, I fancy for sighing,
When one boasts such a figure as this;
I'm sure there are some more amiss.

Marquis.

Beppo.

Giacomo.

} (*In the closet, unable longer to repress their laughter.*)
} Ha! ha!

Zerlina, (*alarmed at the sound, and listening, while the others precipitately draw back and hide themselves.*)

I'm sure—a laugh I heard!
Was't from the chamber of my Lord?
No; awake he could not keep.—

[Going and listening at the door.]

I here no noise he's fast asleep.

[Resuming her tranquillity and going on with her song.]

To-morrow ending every sorrow,
Makes me blest for life!
But now I must to rest.

[She puts the table back in its place.]

Marquis.

Beppo.

Giacomo.

Zerlina.

} Heaven be praised!

My nightly prayer be first addressed

[Kneeling by the side of the couch, with her hands clasped.]

Oh! Holy Virgin, whom I adore,
Lorenzo's fate and mine watch o'er!

[She rises, and seating herself on the side of the bed, she unties the strings of her shoes.]

Good night, Lorenzo dear!

Our bliss now is near.

Oh! holy Virgin, whom I adore,

Lorenzo's fate and mine watch o——

[Sleep gradually overcoming her during her prayer, her eyes close, and her head falls on her pillow. After a pause of deep silence, the MARQUIS, BEPPO, and GIACOMO, cautiously advance from their place of concealment.]

Marquis.

Beppo.

Giacomo.

Silence befriending,

To aid us conspires!

Prudence attending,

Vengeance inspires!

Giacomo, (*approaching ZERLINA.*) She's asleep.—

[He blows out the light.]

Beppo.

And now for my Lord——

Marquis.

Should he awake?

Giacomo, (*drawing his dagger.*) To make him dumb I undertake!

(Together.)

Prudence attending,

His death requires

Silence befriending,

To aid us conspires!

Giacomo. Come on!

[As they are on the point of entering the chamber, BEPPO suddenly stops his companions, and points to ZERLINA.]

Beppo. Hold!—What if yonder maid,
By the noise we make alarmed,
Should raise the household to her aid?

Marquis, (smiling.) With Beppo's prudence I am charmed!

Giacomo. How act, then?

Beppo. Let's begin by her!

Marquis. Nay—that were pity!

Giacomo, (turning to MARQUIS.) Is't agreed?

Beppo. Wond'rous, indeed!

Our captain, then, at last, grows tender and repenting?

Marquis. I, dog?—Darest think I recede [Giving him a dagger.
Here—strike!—away, all weak relenting.

(Together.)

Prudence attending,

Her death requires!

Darkness befriending,

To aid us conspires!

[BEPPO going behind the couch with his face to the audience raises the dagger to stab ZERLINA.]

Zerlina, (in her sleep repeating her prayer.)

Oh! Holy Virgin, whom I adore,

Lorenzo's fate and mine watch o'er!

[BEPPO, agitated and hesitating, bends down behind the couch.]

Beppo. She prays!

Giacomo. Do not pause!—strike!

Marquis, (turning away his head.) Go on! Delay no more!

[BEPPO raises his arm again, and is going to strike, when a violent knocking is heard at the outer door of the inn, and all three remain motionless and astounded.]

Marquis. } They knock without! 'Tis at the entrance gate!

Beppo. } Means then fate our hopes to blight?

Giacomo. }

[The knocking becomes louder.]

Zerlina, (awaking and stretching her arms.)

What!—so soon be waked?—Who's knocking at that rate

In the midst of night?

Chorus of CARBINIERS without.

Awake, awake, good people pray!

We all are honest cavaliers;

Arise, for soon it will be day,—

Rise and let in the Carbiniers!—

Beppo. Eh! Carbiniers!

[Trembling.]

Captain, did you hear?

Marquis, (coolly.) Are you then afraid?

Beppo. Again what brings them here?

Lorenzo, (without.) Zerlina! Zerlina!—descend!

Dost thou not hear?—'Tis the voice of thy friend.

Zerlina, (with delight.) 'Tis Lorenzo!

[She hastens to put on the things again which she had taken off.]

Marquis. }
 Beppo. } (Retiring again toward the closet, &c.)
 Giacomo. }

Prudence attending,
 Our hearts inspire!
 Darkness befriending,
 Bids us now retire!

[*They regain their hiding-place, the knocking is renewed.*]

Zerlina, (*hastily re-adjusting her dress.*) Do wait a little, good folks!—By'r lady, give yourselves a little patience!—(*Going to the window and opening it. Daylight is seen.*)—Is it, indeed, you, Lorenzo?

Lorenzo. I, myself, sweet.

Zerlina. You're very sure it's you?

Lorenzo. 'Tis myself and my comrades, whom you've kept waiting a whole hour.

Zerlina. People must have time to dress!—when one is so suddenly knocked up—but here—(*throwing a key from the window.*)—There's the key of the kitchen for you. Come in that way;—the lamp is still burning;—and besides here's daylight already. (*She returns to the table to complete her dress.*) Let me make haste, by the aid of a regiment of pins!—One wouldn't like to be caught quite a figure; especially by a party of smart soldiers.—Oh! dreadful!

Carbiniers, (*knocking and calling without loudly.*) Hey! house! within!

Zerlina. Bless me! what noisy fellows!

Lord A. (*outside.*) Don't be frightened, Lady A.!—I'll go and see what it is. Keep yourself calm, my dear! (*Noise again below.*)

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Zerlina!

Zerlina, (*with a half scream, and enveloping herself in one of the curtains.*) Ha!—Fie, sir!—You shouldn't bolt into people's rooms in that manner.

Lorenzo. Forgive me, Zerlina, and affect not such coyness. You are ever beautiful in any guise.

[*Enter LORD A. from his room R. He has his coat on, but no waistcoat; his shirt-collar is half open, and a pocket handkerchief tied round his head.*]

Lord A. Upon my life it's shocking, positively shocking to disturb quiet persons in this unconscionable manner. I have paid for a nice comfortable sleep, and this is fairly robbing one of one's money. (*Seeing LORENZO.*) Ha! what, it's you, Mr. Brigadier, is it? Pray, what's all this terrible noise about, and what brings you back at this untimely hour?

[*LORENZO and LORD A. come forward, leaving ZERLINA to her dressing.*]

Lorenzo, (*crossing to the C.*) Good news, my Lord, I believe that master Diavolo can no longer escape us.

Zerlina. }
 Lord A. } Indeed?

Lorenzo. Our information was bad, and we were pursuing him quite in a wrong direction, when about three leagues off, we chanced to fall in with an honest miller, who said to us, "Signor Cavaliers, I know where the bandit now is whom you are in search of. He's not in the mountain. I am well acquainted with his person, having been two whole days his prisoner, and I saw him this very evening pass in an open carriage on the main road to Terracina."

Zerlina. Is it possible?

Lorenzo. The honest fellow then offered to be our guide, and made us retrace our steps. Previously, however, to our renewing the pursuit, it was my wish to get the men a few hours' rest, for they have marched the whole night, and are dying with hunger.

Lord A. Dying with hunger?—what a shocking death!

Zerlina. Holy Virgin!—And yourself?

Lorenzo. Why, I am somewhat in the same predicament, too. Brigadiers are not exempt in those cases.

Zerlina. But there's more than one inn on the road, where you might long ago have found refreshment.

Lorenzo. But there was only this one where I could have found Zerlina.

Zerlina. Oh, sir, your servant? Was that it?

Lorenzo. Just so; that was it which made me still cry out, "Gentlemen, forward!" March! Those are the occasions on which it's delightful to be a commander.

Zerlina. Poor fellow! I'll go and get you something to eat directly.

Lorenzo. No, no, begin by my comrades. They're not in love, so they're more in a hurry. Fly, my own Zerlina.

Zerlina. My own Zerlina, indeed! what freedom! truly the gentleman fancies himself my husband already.

Lorenzo. Not to-day; but to-morrow! [Seizing her in his arms.

Zerlina. Have done, sir! Have done, will you! I don't know what you mean by—

Carbiniers. (without, ringing and beating on the table noisily.) Ho! within! somebody! house!

Zerlina. There, now; there are your comrades growing impatient. (Disengaging herself.) They're not like you, they're better behaved. Coming! coming! I'll give them all there's in the house, and then I'll keep the best I can get, and have it ready for you in a few minutes.

Carbiniers. House! Landlord!

Zerlina, (running out.) Hey! what a noisy set!

[It is now full daylight.]

Lord A. Signor Brigadier, I've scarcely had a wink of sleep the whole night. Why, you're a set of barbarians in this shocking land!

Lorenzo, (smiling.) Our land, Sir Englishman, has its charms—to us, at least; and a traveler, whose mind is just and liberal, while he prefers his own soil, will yet find in every country something to admire as well as to condemn; but those, my lord, who travel merely to display their own importance and their narrow prejudices, would do more

wisely to stay and be respected at home, than to travel and be ridiculed abroad.

Lord A. For my part, I again will never believe what travelers say. I've not enjoyed an hour's comfort nor relished a morsel since I crossed the sea. All that I have discovered hitherto, is, that everything out of England is positively shocking; and now that I am out of it myself—

Lorenzo. (half aside) You are shocking, too.

Lord A. Eh?

Lorenzo. Only a passing reflection, my lord.

Lord A. Oh! 'Gad, though, I must go and rejoin my lady, who is half dead with alarm. "Calm yourself, my love," I said to her. "Compose your delicate nerves; I'll go and see." (*Mimicking a woman's voice.*) "My lord! my dear lord! don't leave me all alone!" and she did press me in her arms so tenderly! I haven't felt anything like it for a very long while.

Lorenzo. Ha! ha! ha! You see, my lord, in some cases, fear is of some benefit. (*He goes up, and looks out at the door to see if ZERLINA is returning; then sits down near the table.*)

Lord A. Fear?—Ha! ha! ha!—Fear may do very well for women, poor weak-hearted things!—but for us, Signor Brigadier, for us who are men —! (*A piece of furniture falls with great noise in the closet.*) Hey! what's that? [*Alarmed.*]

Marquis. (aside to BEPPO.) You awkward rascal!

Lord A. Mr. Brigadier! did you hear that noise?

Lorenzo, (coolly.) Somebody has overturned a chair, that's all.

Lord A. We're not by ourselves here.

Lorenzo. It's, I dare say, her ladyship or her maid.

Lord A. There's no maid in my wife's room; and what's more, she's not upon this side, but upon that. There's something wrong.

Lorenzo, (still quietly seated.) D'ye think so, my Lord?

Lord A. (uneasy, and still looking towards the closet.) I'm quite sure of it.

Beppo, (aside.) We're all lost to a certainty!

Marquis. Hush!

FINALE TO ACT II.

Lord A. Would it not be as well, sir Brigadier,
If any one's in there to ascertain?

Lorenzo, (rising.) We may look—

Lord A. Yes, do look—

Beppo. Our time is come!

Marquis. No fear.—

Leave all to me, while ye conceal'd remain.

[*At the instant that LORENZO crosses to enter the closet, the MARQUIS opening the door, which he immediately shuts again, stands before him.*]

Lord A. } Amazement!

Lorenzo. }

Marquis, (with his finger to his lips.) Silence pray!

Lord A. 'Tis the MARQUIS once more.

Lorenzo, (to the MARQUIS haughtily.) We have met, I believe, already once before.

Marquis. Last night.

Lorenzo, (hastily and loud.) At this hour, wherefore here,

Marquis, (with an air of mystery.) Not so high.

I've reason good to hide me thus from ev'ry eye.

Lorenzo. What reason.

Marquis, (pretending embarrassment.)

Nay—I can't explain thus before two;

Say it were for example—a tender rendezvous?

Lord A. } Great Heaven!

Lorenzo. }

Marquis, (passing between them.)

Well, then, yes,—I'll confess it entre nous

But be discreet—It was a rendezvous.—

Lorenzo. and Lord A. (aside.)

Horrid doubts thro' me gliding,

My tortured soul oppress;

Yet my fears longer hiding,

All emotion I'll suppress!

Marquis, (aside.)

Their agony deriding,

My joy I can't repress!

Both their hearts now dividing,

Dark fears and doubts possess!

Beppo and Giacomo, (aside.)

My fears are fast subsiding,

Once more we may escape, I guess.

In his skill while confiding,

We are sure of success!

Lord A. (advancing to the MARQUIS.)

At least, sir, may one know—without offence or strife,

To whom you come here by night?

Lorenzo, (in a low voice and with a threatening air.) Is it to Zerlina?

Lord A. (the same on the other side.) Is it, sir, to my wife?

Marquis. Excuse me; thus to question me you've no right;

Secrets like these, I to reveal am loth.

Lorenzo. } Say to which of the two.

Lord A. }

Marquis. (laughing lightly.) What if I came to both?

Lorenzo, } The base doubts your vile words would convey,

and

Lord A. } Shall here be full explained without evasion or delay.

Marquis, (exultingly aside, and looking at them one after another.)

O'er all my foes at last, revenge will be my own!

[To LORD A., in an under voice and taking him apart.

As for you, noble lord! believe me, silence were best;

Your lady's charms. I own, my heart has long confess'd

And this endearing pledge—by which her love is shown—

[Drawing the miniature from his pocket and exhibiting it.

Lord A. (Furious.) Fire and death!—We shall meet!

Marquis, (coolly and in a low voice.) Whenever you please—so be't—

[Taking LORENZO aside, and pointing to LORD A.]

'Twas my wish that your shame to yon lord should be unknown,—

But you insist—

Lorenzo. I do.

Marquis, (pointing to the cabinet.) I was there, and I came to Zerlina.

Lorenzo, (struck with horror.) Zerlina!

Marquis. You conceive—I suppose?

Lorenzo. To be betrayed by her! And shall I bear my shame?

No!

[Rushing away.]

Marquis, (catching his hand.)

Hold! Dare not to think you may her fame expose.

Lorenzo. You her guilt defend?

Marquis. Yes, and will your rage oppose.

Lorenzo, (stopping and surveying the MARQUIS with restrained fury.)

When the great dare the heart of a soldier to rive,

If brave they be—

Marquis, (in a low voice.)

Enough! I'm yours!—Alone,—seven the hour,—

Beneath the rocks.

Lorenzo, (the same.) 'Tis well.

Marquis, (aside with joy.) He'll ne'er return alive!

Let but my friends hold him once in their power,

To revenge their companions their swords will contrive.

[The MARQUIS, keeps the c. of the stage, LORENZO and LORD A. at opposite sides.]

BEPPPO and GIACOMO advancing their heads from the closet, L.]

(Together.)

Lorenzo, (aside.)

Bitter hour! Horrid thought!

I have lost every joy;

When with woe life is fraught,

What remains but to die?

Lord A. (aside.)

Bitter hour! Horrid thought!

I have lost every joy;

Thus to shame by her brought!

From my rage let her fly!

Marquis, (aside.)

Happy hour! Pleasing thought!

I each fear may defy!

In my toils he is caught!

My revenge now is nigh!

Beppo and Giacomo, (aside.)

Happy hour! Pleasing thought!

We each fear may defy!

In the toils they are caught!

Our revenge now is nigh.

Enter LADY A. from her chamber.

Lady A. What dreadful noise prevades the place?
(*To LORD A.*)

To soothe my fears you little cared.

Enter ZERLINA.

Zerlina, (running to LORENZO.)

My dear Lorenzo—all's prepared.

Why, what means that lowering voice!

Lorenzo and Lord A. (aside.) Base deceiver!

Lady A. (tenderly to LORD A.) Dear Lord! I pray—

Lord A. (violently.)

Touch me not. We must part before another day.

Lady A. (with astonishment.) Part, my Lord!

Lord A. I'm resolved.

Zerlina, (To LORENZO, on the other side, anxiously.)

Dear Lorenzo! oh, say—

Lorenzo, (coldly, and without looking at her.)

Away, deceiver! away!

Zerlina and Lady A. (aside.)

What mystery is this? What fears my heart o'ercome!

Lorenzo, (to ZERLINA, aside.)

Your falsehood to conceal, I consent to be dumb.

Zerlina. Can it be?

Lorenzo. But begone!

Zerlina. Dear Lorenzo!

Lorenzo. No more.

Zerlina. Hear me yet!

Lorenzo. 'Tis in vain! All your vows I restore.

(*Apart to the MARQUIS.*) At seven—beneath the rocks—

Marquis. Be sure I will not fail!

Zerlina, (much agitated, aside.) My fears prevail!

Lord A. (to his wife.) Tears won't avail!

Lady A. (aside.) Anger and grief my heart assail!

(*Together.*)

Zerlina and Lorenzo. Bitter hour! Horrid thought!
I have lost every joy!
Since with woe life is fraught,
What remains but to die!

Lord A. (aside.) Bitter hour! Horrid thought!
I have lost every joy!
Thus to shame by her brought!
From my rage let her fly!

Lady A. (aside.) Bitter hour! Horrid thought!
I have lost every joy!
Who all this can have wrought!
From my rage let him fly!

Marquis, Beppo and Giacomo, (aside.)

Happy hour! Pleasing thought!

I } each fear may defy?
We }

In our toils they are caught;

My } revenge now is nigh!
Our }

[*LORD A. moves to regain his chamber, his wife hangs upon him, and prevents him. LORENZO, rushing towards the door, is held back by ZERLINA, who implores him still to hear her. BEPPO and GIACOMO half open the closet door to come out; the MARQUIS, stretching out his hands towards them, commands them by signs to keep back and wait yet longer. The curtain falls upon the picture, and ends the second act.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

[*An extensive and romantic landscape. On the R. an outward door appertaining to the Inn, and stairs ascending to a surrrounding gallery. Before it, a tuft of trees. On the L. a leafy arbor containing a small table with garden-seats. Towards the horizon, a large mountain with various paths conducting to it. On its summit rises conspicuously a small hermitage-chapel with a belfry. A little behind the table in the arbor, the decayed trunk of a tree; and below the arbor and the mountain, a patch of arbute trees. Wood wings.*]

[*During the symphony of the following air, the MARQUIS, in his Fra Diavolo costume, enveloped in his dark velvet cloak, and his carbine on his shoulder, descends the mountain path from L. to R. and comes down the C.*]

RECITATIVE.

FRA DIAVOLO.

My companions are warn'd, and our plans fitly laid,
My just revenge full soon to aid!
Each wished-for joy thus to share,
What station with mine can compare?

MARTIAL AIR.

Proudly and wide my standard flies
O'er daring hearts,—a noble band?
All own my sway; whilst for supplies,
Each trav'ler's wealth I freely command;

My will is law which none gainsay,
 Whate'er I may obtain;—
 In silent awe, they must obey;—
 O'er all, a king I reign!
 Proudly and wide my standard flies
 O'er daring hearts,—a noble band
 All own my sway; whilst for supplies,
 Each traveller's wealth I freely command
 Now a banker I stop.—“Your gold! your gold! your gold!”—
 And now a lord is brought!—“Your gold! your gold! your gold!”
 A lawyer now is caught.—“Let justice be done—
 Restore your plunder—even three-fold!”—
 Now a pilgrim before me's led!—
 “I have no gold!—I have no bread!”—
 “Here are both for you, friend,
 Peace your footsteps attend!”
 Then a poor simple maid appears
 See how she's shaking with her fears!
 “Oh, dear! have mercy!—your pity pray show!—
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!
 Here's all I have; spare my life! let me go!—
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!
 Mercy, Mr. Robber be mild!
 I'm alas!—but a poor young child!”

CAVATINA.

We never aught demand from the fair—
 All due regard to them we show;
 Tho' we gratefully accept whate'er
 Their tender hearts deign to bestow.
 Ah! what delights around on every hand?
 Who leads a life like to the bold brigand?
 Yet—yet—swift runs of time the sand!

RONDEAU.

Then since life glides so fast away,
 Let's enjoy it while we may;
 For fate so kind to-day,
 Perhaps to-morrow may betray!
 As new dangers our steps surround,
 Every moment may be our last:
 Then with new pleasures crown'd,
 Be every moment gaily past.

Oh! what joys divine,
 Does the brigand's station combine!
 Still gay and at ease,
 Just like a king, I do as I please;—
 I plunder, rob, take people's lives,
 Bear off both husbands and their wives;
 And oft their hearts to beat I've made!

The last with love, the first with dread!
One trembling bows, with hat in hand,
The other smiles and says—"dear, sweet brigand!"
Then since life glides so fast away,
Let's enjoy it while yet we may;
For fate so kind to-day,
Perhaps to-morrow may betray!
As new dangers our steps surround,
Ev'ry moment may be our last,
Then with new pleasures crown'd,
Be ev'ry moment gaily past!

Well, (*rubbing his hands*,) my plans are fixed, and I think that, this time, Signor Lorenzo will find it somewhat hard to foil them. Six has just struck by the inn clock. In an hour more—I shall be rid of him. He is jealous, he is brave; he will be punctual to his appointment—beneath the black rocks—(*smiling*,) where I have ambushed my bold companions, who are anxiously waiting his coming. They are always delighted at the opportunity of lodging a little lead in the head of a Roman brigadier. Now for my other measures. Let me see. If I remember right, Zerlina's father, old Matteo, returns home this morning with the new bridegroom to conclude the wedding. Well, then, while they are all at the chapel, and the soldiers on full march—my part is easy. I'll possess myself of my lord's bank notes, his diamonds—him!—perhaps even I'll take his wife—I think I owe her that much attention. Yes, I'll invite her to come and pass a little time with us in the mountains. Will she be angry? She'll pretend she is; but I shall not believe her. It's so pleasant to relate one's adventures in the London circles. (*Mimicking*.) "Oh! my dear! such a horrid thing! I was run away with, by banditti!—but such amiable and polite creatures! they behaved to me in such a delightful manner!" "Did they?" "Upon my honor!"—After that they'll all be mad to make the tour of Italy. (*After looking around on all sides*.) The most material point is to watch the departure of Lorenzo and his detachment. I see no signs yet of Beppo and Giacomo, whom I left behind as trusty spies; and I dare not seek them within the inn, for the carbiniers are already on foot—and besides, I might meet that miller who guides them, and who knows me. An ungrateful rascal—whom we contented ourselves with only robbing! It's a lesson for the future. (*Taking out his tablets*.) As I see nothing of my spies, I'll make use of the means of communication agreed on—the hollow of the tree—(*pointing to the decayed tree*.) A word or two will suffice for their instruction. (*The music of the following piece begins*.) Hark!—some one approaches! I must escape unobserved! There!—[*After having written, he tears out the leaf, folds it, throws it into the hollow of the tree, and exits behind the arbor.*]

[At the same time, a number of villagers, male and female, enter from divers sides R. and L. wearing green branches on their heads, and some bearing in their hands knotted

sticks ornamented with garlands and ribbons. The Carbiniers (without caps or arms) and the people of the Inn come out to join them. Soon after, a group of young peasants, dancing, and bearing flowers, descend the mountain, announcing to those below the approach of the bridegroom.]

CHORUS AND CONCERTED PIECE.

VILLAGERS, PEASANTS, &c.

Hail! blessed morning,
Nature adorning!
'Tis Easter-day,
Let's sing and play!
This joyful day,
Be grateful and gay!

Enter GIACOMO, followed by BEPPO, from the Inn.

Giacomo. Loiterer, come!—always the last!

Beppo, (stretching his arms.) Good friend, our haste abating,

Let's take an hour more sleep!

Giacomo. What if the captain's waiting?

What will he say?

[Stopping by the arbor.]

Why—here's all the village, I declare!

Beppo. To be sure; 'tis Easter-day; yet for all that, see there!—

[Pointing to GIACOMO's head.]

Not e'en a single branch upon your head your wear.

Do you want, man, to bring us ill luck?

Giacomo. The saints forefend!

Beppo, (plucking a branch and fastening it in his hat.)

Pious Giacomo's holy zeal is well known to transcend!

[A fresh party of peasants descend the mountain preceding MATTEO, who comes on with FRANCESCO and a few followers. Another party carrying garlands on long poles, the flowers attached to each other, comes slowly down the mountain, and forms itself into a line filling up the path. MATTEO and FRANCESCO, who, as bridegroom, has the marriage bouquet at his side, advance to the front, welcomed by the different parties on the stage, whose greetings they cordially return.]

CHORUS.

Hail! blessed morning,
Nature adorning!
'Tis Easter-day!
Let's sing and play!
Let youth and maiden,
Of sin unladen,
Now deck'd be seen
With boughs of green.
This joyful day,
Be grateful and gay!

Matteo, (taking FRANCESCO's hand.)

My son! the heavens smile as tho' your happiness befriending;

But ere you kneel to love, e'en here now lowly bending,

Let us incline

At Our Lady's shrine,
In humble praise our grateful voices blending!

[Some of the female peasants go up among the garland-bearers on the ascent, where they kneel during the prayer—others lower down.—All kneel.]

GENERAL CHORUS.

Oh, Holy Virgin! bright and fair!
Thy sainted favor ever show!
Oh! make us worthy of thy care,
And on our hearts thy grace bestow!

Matteo. May thy goodness, more and more,
Bless my child each coming day!

Chorus of Youths. Give us wealth, we implore?

Chorus of Maidens. Give us husbands, we pray!

Together.

Oh, holy Virgin! bright and fair,
Thy sainted favor ever show!
Oh, make us worthy of thy care,
And on our hearts thy grace bestow!

[The prayer over, all rise, and MATTEO showing them the door of the inn, by signs, invites the wedding train to enter. They go in singing their chorus.]

Giacomo. They're gone, (looking by the different paths.) Do you see the captain?

Beppo, (sitting down on the seat near the decayed tree.) No; I suppose he's gone.

Giacomo. Well, and what are you doing there?

Beppo. What am I doing? Why, I am doing—nothing. It's a delightful employment this sunny weather.

Giacomo. In case that the Captain should not rejoin us, he said we should find his instructions in the hollow of the rotten tree near the arbor.

Beppo, (turning round and putting his hand into the tree.) This is it. Here's something; a paper—and in his handwriting.

Giacomo. Read.

Beppo. Read yourself.

Giacomo, (taking the paper and reading; after looking if they are unobserved.) "As soon as the girl's lover shall have set off for the spot of meeting where our comrades await him,—the carabinieri on their wild-goose chase, and the people of the inn to the wedding, be sure to give me notice by ringing the bell of the hermitage. I will then hasten with some of my brave fellows, and take possession of my lord and his lady. Wait for me."

Beppo. All clear enough.

Giacomo. Clear or not; once he says it, it must be done. Let us watch, above all, the departure of the carabinieri.

Beppo. Oh, they'll soon be off. We've just seen them o'foot, and ready to take the road.

Giacomo. So much the better.

Beppo. There's one thing, though, friend Giacomo, that goes against me, and that is killing this, my lord, on a Sunday, and such a holiday too.

Giacomo. Pshaw! That might be a fair scruple of conscience enough if the man were a Christian; but he's an Englishman. It's enough to bring us good luck for the rest of the year.

Beppo. You are right. May, then, the grace of heaven assist us.

Giacomo. Look! look!—here comes the poor swain, the Brigadier Lorenzo; he's melancholy; how he sighs!

Beppo. Ha! ha! ha!—poor amorous fool! He does well to indulge himself while he can! for, once he gets to the place of meeting prepared for him by our captain, he won't have much time to sigh.

Giacomo. Come this way, and let us leave him to himself.—Mind, though, he doesn't get out of our sight. *[Exeunt behind the arbor.]*

Enter LORENZO from the Inn.

SONG.

"I'm thine! I'm thine!" she oft would say,
 For ever thine!—
 Others' love may fade away,
 But never mine!
 Yet she now leaves my heart to grieve,
 And break with woe!
 I scarce her falsehood can believe,
 I loved her so!
 But, love! farewell,—I'll now for e'er
 The false one fly;
 Her image from my heart I'll tear,
 Then silent die!
 I'll no longer her falsehood regret;
 Yet where'er I go,
 I fear I never can forget:
 —I loved her so!

—Yes, I have been able to restrain myself; I have had the courage to spare her,—while it is in my power, before her father, before them all, to tax them with her guilt, to proclaim her crime aloud and,—What have I said? Dishonor her whom I have so loved! Destroy her for ever! No! let her marry,—let her be happy if she can; she shall hear from my lips neither complaint nor reproach. The hour of my appointment is near; I will go—I will meet death for her; it shall be my only revenge.

[Enter MATTEO, ZERLINA, and two servants from the Inn, R.]

Matteo. Come lads put a table out here; bring the wine. The wedding party and the Carbiniers won't be sorry to quaff a cup or so before we go. Your soldiers are ever a thirsty race. *[MATTEO keeps continually going backwards and forwards. ZERLINA, during the above, has approached LORENZO, who is L.]*

Zerlina, (timidly.) Lorenzo, I have been seeking you. My father is returned.

Lorenzo. 'Tis well.

Zerlina. Francesco is with him.

Lorenzo, (with some emotion.) Francesco!

Zerlina. He has presented him to me as my husband. All is prepared for our instant marriage. (*After a pause.*) In an hour's time I am going to be another's, if you do not speak—if you do not explain your strange conduct—

Lorenzo. Remember your conduct, and leave me.

Zerlina. Lorenzo, I cannot bear this; be generous; do not oppress me so cruelly; if your love has changed, if you hate me, tell me so. Oh! I beseech you once more, ere it be late—

Matteo, (at the table R.) What are you doing there, Zerlina, instead of coming to help me?

Zerlina, (going to him, looking at LORENZO all the time.) Here I am, father.

Lorenzo, (aside.) What deceit! What hypocrisy!

Matteo, (calling.) Roberto! more glasses!

Re-enter BEPPO and GIACOMO, L.

Beppe, (sitting at the table in the arbor, GIACOMO L. corner.) From this place we can watch them all nicely.

Zerlina, (who has again approached LORENZO.) Lorenzo, tell me the truth! Why is it you treat me thus? What have I done? What have you to reproach me with?

Beppe and Giacomo, (striking the table and calling loudly.) What ho! some wine!

Matteo. Why, girl! how now? Don't you hear?

Zerlina, (with impatience.) Coming! I shall go distracted. (*The bugle begins to sound.*) Roberto!

CONCERTED FINALE.

[ZERLINA makes a sign to ROBERTO, who carries a flask of wine to the table where sit BEPPO and GIACOMO. She tries still to speak with LORENZO, when at that moment the CARBINIERS march in from the inn, R. ZERLINA gains the corner, R.]

Chorus of Carbiniers.

Come, Captain! let's no longer stay,—

The hour is come, we must be gone.

Our duty calls us hence away;

To gain fresh laurels, let us on!

Matteo.

What! so soon to duty again?

Carb.

Long the sun has lit up the sky.

Seven o'clock will shortly strike.

Lorenzo, (starting.) Seven!—the hour so high!

Let's away.

[*To a subaltern whom he brings forward.*

Observe. When yonder rocks we gain,

Half an hour my coming wait;

If to return is not my fate,

In my place then command; guide the men to their prey.

Alone! among the rocks?

Matteo.

Lorenzo.

Honor's call I obey.

Beppo, (aside to GIACOMO.)

It is to death he hastens on.

Giacomo.

He goes at last, and goes alone.

Zerlina, (looking at LORENZO.) Shall I then let him thus begone? No! No!

[*She is advancing towards LORENZO from the R. C. when FRANCESCO and the wedding train, villagers, peasants, &c. with bouquets and crowns of flowers, enter from the inn R. and intercept her.*]

(*Together.*)

Chorus of Villagers. 'Tis Hymen calls; no longer stay;

The hour is come, we must be gone.

While pipe and tabor gaily play,

To mirth and pleasure let us on!

Chorus of Carbiniers. Come, Captain! let's no longer stay;

The hour is come, we must be gone.

Our duty calls us hence away;

To gain fresh laurels, let us on!

Matteo, (joining the hands of FRANCESCO and ZERLINA.)

My children, be ye blest, thus link'd in virtuous chains!

(*To FRANCESCO.*) Within this hour her vows thou wilt receive.

Zerlina, (aside.) All then, alas! is lost; no hope remains!

(*Seeing LORENZO about to depart, she flies towards him.*)

Oh, Lorenzo! My tortured heart relieve!

What have I done?

Lorenzo, (with intense passion.)

Deceiver!

Zerlina.

Explain!

Lorenzo.

False betrayer!

Remember him I saw conceal'd with guilty care

Last night within your room.

[*Abruptly leaving her, he goes to his soldiers, whom he draws up in marching order.*]

Zerlina, (wildly.) What words are these?

With surprise and with horror my heart seems to freeze!

Beppo, (drinking at the table.)

Will they go?

Giacomo, (the same.)

Shortly now.

Zerlina.

What hellish plot is this?

Beppo, (knocking on the table and calling.)

What, ho! More wine!

[*Turning around to ZERLINA, who is left alone in the centre of the stage, and whom he points out to his companion.*]

I say, see there! 'Tis that same pretty she,

Whom so long at her toilet last night we chanced to see.

Giacomo, (laughing.)

And who with herself so pleased seem'd to be.

You remember yet?

Beppo, (laughing.)

Yes; and shall ne'er forget.

(*Imitating ZERLINA'S posture before the glass, and repeating her words.*)

"For a servant there's no denying.
Here's a shape not much amiss!

[*Laughing.*

Giacomo, (mimicking her also.)

"There's no cause, I fancy, for sighing,
When one boasts such a figure as this!
(*Together.*)

"I am sure there are some more amiss!"

Ha! ha! ha!

[*They resume their seats laughing.*

Zerlina. (struck with extreme astonishment, and seeking to recall her ideas.) Those words! What said they? What horrible plot is this?

Enter LORD A. and LADY A.

(*Together.*)

Chorus of Villagers. Come, Hymen calls, no longer stay;
The hour is come, we must be gone;
While pipe and tabor gaily play,
To mirth and pleasure let us on!

Chorus of Carbiniers. Come, Captain, let's no longer stay;
The hour is come, we must be gone!
Our duty calls us hence away;
To gain fresh laurels, let us on!

[*LORENZO makes the soldiers file off before him two by two, and they begin to ascend the centre path leading up the mountain. MATTEO, at the same time, comes to ZERLINA, and, taking her hand, shows her the wedding party, preparing to depart. At this instant, ZERLINA sees LORENZO on the point of disappearing, when, with a cry of anguish, she rushes to the top of the stage.*]

Zerlina. In mercy stop!—One moment stay!
Hear me! oh, hear!

All, (surprised at her emotion.)

What would she say?

[*With looks of astonishment, they all gather round her; the Carbiniers return on their steps, and LORENZO hastily descends to her side. The music ceases.*]

Zerlina, (seizing LORENZO'S hand, fixing her looks on him steadfastly, and speaking with much emotion.) I know not. I am ignorant who has created the vile suspicions that assail me, and I seek in vain to discover the dark mystery; but this I know, that last night I was alone in my chamber. (*With emphasis and looking at LORENZO.*) Yes, alone! I thought of persons dear—most dear to me; and I remember well to have spoken aloud words which I deemed no human ear could have heard; yet, those words—those very words, breathed only to heaven in pure and guileless innocence, have this very instant been repeated close to me.

Lorenzo. By whom?

Zerlina, (suddenly pointing to BEPPO and GIACOMO.) Those two men, whom I know nothing of; they must consequently have been near me—last night—in my chamber—without my knowledge.

Lorenzo. Ha! Seize them!

FINALE—*Continued.*

All.

Surprise.

Lorenzo. Seize them both without more delay.

Carbiniers and }
Villagers, } The Captain's orders { we } obey.

Yes, seize them both without delay.

MATTEO secures GIACOMO, while the soldiers seize BEPPO.

Lorenzo. Should these the bandits be, whose pursuit brought us here!

[Making the guide come forward.]

Say, you who know their chief, and have sworn our guide to be—

Behold these men, and speak, devoid of fear,—

Is he one of these?

Guide, (after considering them for some time.) No.

Beppo, }
Giacomo, } (Aside.) Again we may breathe free.

Lorenzo. Their looks suspicious still appear.

Matteo, (going to LORENZO with the arms and paper seized on GIACOMO.)

These weapons see,

And this paper also, of some ill plot the key. [Music ceases again.]

Lorenzo, (hastily snatching the paper.) Let's read:—"As soon as the carbiniers and the wedding train shall have departed, be sure to give me notice by ringing the bell of the hermitage. I will then hasten with some of my brave fellows, and take charge of my lord and my lady."

Lord A. (struck with terror.) Eh? Shocking!

FINALE.—Continued.

Lord A. Can it be?

Lady A. (tremblingly.) Is it a plot against us two? [To LORENZO.]

What's the meaning of this?

Lorenzo. We shall find out.

(Calling to him two of the Carbiniers.)

Lord A. I tremble (to LADY A.) for you.

Lady A. For yourself.

Lord A. For you and me.

Let then love—

Lady A. Or else fear our peacemaker be.

[They take each other's hands in full reconciliation.]

Lorenzo, (to one of the Carbiniers, to whom he has been giving instructions.)

Quick, my commands obey; as I have said, place them all.

[The Carbinier returns to his comrades, to whom he imparts his Captain's orders.]

You,—(to the other Carbinier, showing him GIACOMO,) to the hermitage ascend with him; if he rebel—

Beneath your sword that instant let him fall.

[To the wedding train and Villagers.]

For you my friends, now hide ye well

Behind those trees, until our prey shall come.

[Placing BEPPO in the centre of the stage.]

And you, take your station there—there!

And if to play us false, by word or sign, you dare,

[Striking his carbine and pointing to the bushes.]

Remember that I'm at hand. You conceive?

Beppo, (trembling.) But too well.

Lorenzo. Be dumb.

[The soldier that has charge of GIACOMO has conducted him to the hermitage, which is at

the top of the mountain, facing the audience. The soldier keeps inside the chapel, and only GIACOMO's arms are seen, as he begins tolling the bell. FRANCESCO and some of the villagers conceal themselves in the arbor, L. LORD and LADY ALLCASH, ZERLINA and LORENZO, take their stations behind the tuft of trees, close to the door of the inn, R. BEPPO remains alone in the centre of the stage.]

CHORUS.

Bless'd Powers, that still the good protect,
Oh, grant us now your aid!

Zertina.

Does some one come?

Lorenzo.

No, not as yet.

Beppo, (*aside*.)

May he shun the snare for him laid!

CHORUS.

Bless'd Powers, that still the good protect,
Oh, grant us now your aid!

Matteo, (*looking out near the centre path of the mountain.*)

Some one's now upon the hill,

Lorenzo.

All keep back and be still.

[*The Carbiniers disappear instantly, both on the R. and L.; MATTEO joins ZERLINA; the stage is left clear, and FRA DIAVOLO appears on the summit of the mountain towards the L. He stops, looks around, and perceives no one but GIACOMO tolling the hermitage-bell, and BEPPO down in the front.*]

Fra Diavolo, (*calling.*) Beppo.Lorenzo, (*behind the trees, presenting his carbine at BEPPO*

Dare not to stir!

Fra Diavolo.

Is there a free access?

And in safety may I advance?

Lorenzo, (*still aiming his carbine at BEPPO.*) Answer, Yes.Beppo, (*trembling violently, but without looking.*) Yes.

Lorenzo.

Louder still.

Beppo, (*turning his head toward the mountain, L.*)

Yes—yes—all is right.

[*FRA DIAVOLO, making a signal to three of his companions, begins to descend the mountain with confidence.*]

Pleasure invites to fresh delight,

And fortune my steps will gaily speed!

Beppo, (*muttering to himself.*) Pretty fortune, indeedGuide, (*by the side of Lorenzo suddenly.*)

'Tis Diavolo!

Lorenzo.

Can it be!

Guide.

My oath I'll take.

Lord A., (*seeing FRA DIAVOLO as he approaches, and with an exclamation of terror and surprise.*)

It is the Marquis.

Lady A.

Oh! fatal mistake!

This great signor—

Lord A.

This noble lover.

Was but a robber, you now discover!

[*During the above, FRA DIAVOLO has gained the level ground, and advances leisurely towards BEPPO.*]

Fra Diavolo, (leaning on BEPPO's shoulder.)

Friend Beppo, see!—fate has bless'd me all my life.

My lord at last,

And his gold and his wife,

All are mine!—

Lorenzo, (appearing suddenly.)—Not so fast

[Instantly the rocks, the mountain paths, and the sides of the stage, become covered with the Carbiniers, who level their guns at FRA DIAVOLO and BEPPO. BEPPO falls on the ground. MATTEO, at LORENZO's movement has rushed and snatched DIAVOLO's carbine from his hand, and turning around presents it at his head. The three banditti, who have remained at the top of the stage, are disarmed by the peasants.]

CHORUS.

Victoria! Victoria! Victoria!

[LORENZO makes a sign to remove FRA DIAVOLO, who along with BEPPO is led away by a party of Carbiniers.]

QUINTETTE.

Zerlina, Lorenzo, Lord A., Lady A. and Matteo.

With gratitude now blended,

Let joy in every bosom reign;

Happiness and peace again.

Now may our hopes obtain!

The furious storm once ended.

The sailor's song will cheerful flow;

Thus our hearts new joy will know,

When rid of this dread foe!

And fearless, each hind in his lone retreat,

This dreadful name may now repeat—

Diavolo!—Diavolo!

[Just then DIAVOLO, preceded by four Carbiniers, and followed by four more, appears conducted across the mountain.]

Chorus, (pointing to him, and finishing the air with a loud burst.)

DIAVOLO!

Victoria! Victoria! Victoria!

With heart and voice,

Loud rejoice!

[BEPPO, who is guarded behind DIAVOLO, throws himself down, refusing to march on. The soldiers drag him struggling across the mountain as the curtain falls.]

THE END.



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LURLINE.

	PRICE
The Spell, Flow on, O River	Ballad, Soprano 10
Our Breeze in Mesopotamia	" Tenor, 10
Under a Starling's Wing	" Soprano, 10
Sweet Farm Land on my Homeland	" Tenor, 10
Tell me, O Cup of my Homeland	" Soprano, 10
As in the Cup the Wind Blows	" Bass, 10
Gentle Troubadour	" Soprano, 40
A Father's Love	" Contralto 40
Home of my Heart	" Tenor, 50
Sweet Song, Tell my Love	" Soprano, 40
Love's Lullaby	" Baritone 40

A MERRY WITCH.

Oh, never more so lonely	Ballad, Soprano 10
Do you want a Lover? A Witch's Song	" Baritone 10
A Soldier's Sweetest Love	" Bass, 40
Heavenly Maiden	" Bass, 10
Our Friend is the Palace Guard	" Tenor, 50
My love, My Love	" Soprano, 50
Love, not and Love	" Tenor, 10
When the King is dead	" Soprano, 10
Here's that old man and his wife	" Tenor, 10
Going, going, going	" Tenor, 10
Come away, come away	" Tenor, 10
I stand beside my grave	" Soprano, 10
Oh, and I dream of all	" Soprano, 10

DESERT FLOWER.

Through the Desert	Ballad, Tenor 10
Swift as a Dart	" Soprano 10
Woodbird Song	" Soprano 10
The Pangs of Unrequited Love	" Baritone 10
Why did I Love you so dearly	" Bass, 10
Though Born in Woods	" Tenor, 10
Each of Battle—War Song	" Soprano, 10
Dance ye Lilies	" Soprano, 10
Why throbs this heart with ardour	" Soprano, 10
My loved Home I shall never more	" Tenor, 10
No Joy can e'er this Bliss exceed	" Soprano 10

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

Though all too poor the Painter's Art	Ballad, Tenor, 50
Patience, Prudence	" Tenor, 10
Wayward Fortune	" Bass, 10
Model Painter	" Contralto 10
And on some fine watch-covered Cot	" Soprano, 75
	" Soprano, 75
	" Bass, 50
	" Soprano, 50
	" Bass, 50
	" Tenor, 50

